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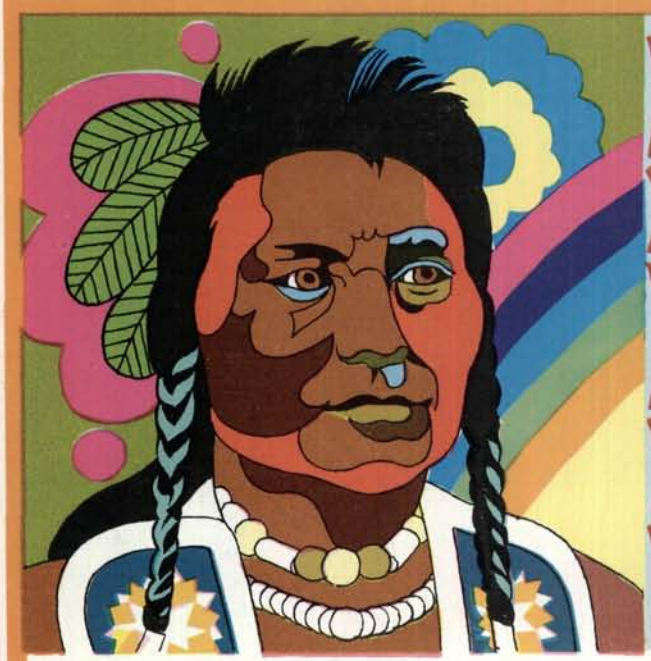
APRIL 27, 1973

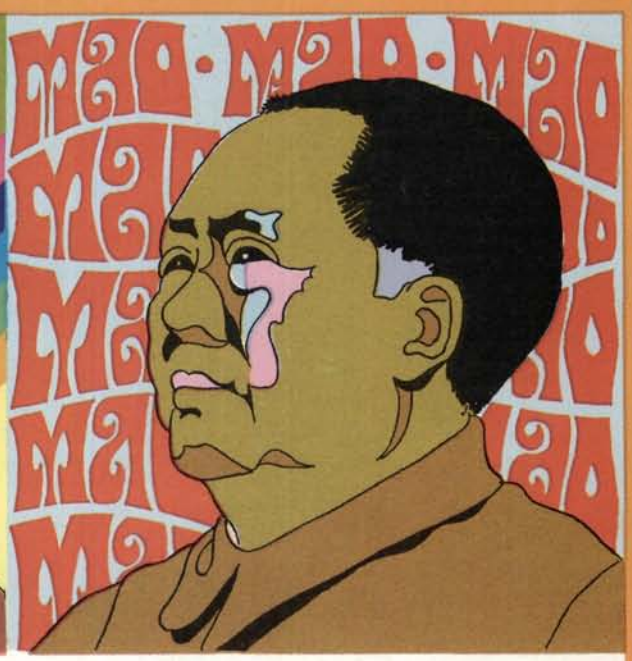
NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

SOLZHENITSYN:
How the Russians might ban his books everywhere

BUCKLEY:
On the political vision of Marlon Brando

THE NEW GOOD GUYS





Did the Press Bring Us Wounded Knee?
VICTOR GOLD

Dr. Chen Explains Democracy in Mao's China

ROY E SMITH
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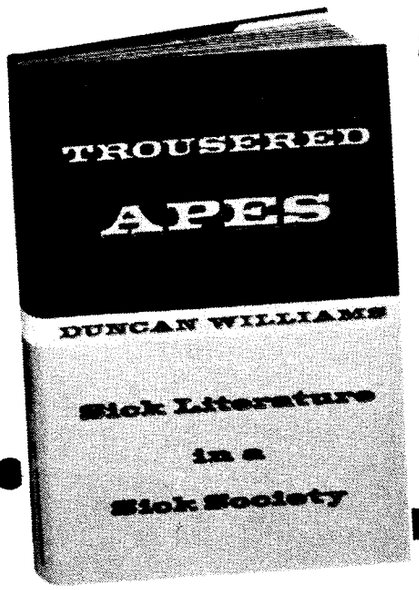

Three eminent British newspapers called this underground book one of the best of the year

TROUSERED APES

Sick Literature in a Sick Society

Duncan Williams *Foreword by* MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

"Anything goes," proclaimed a memorable Cole Porter song of the Thirties—but sardonically. It remained for the Savage Sixties and the Sick Seventies to emancipate us—to the level of trousered apes.

British professor Duncan Williams takes the view, lately unfashionable, that art can corrupt: "the arts in general are not merely a mirror reflecting social and cultural values, but are, on the contrary, powerful forces which shape and mould the way in which people live and behave."

Thus the lurid themes that dominate literature and drama today—sadism, sodomy, the drug culture, barnyard sex—and the raw rendering of them, work their poison into the social body. The result is animalism. Trousered apes. "We are teaching savagery," notes Professor Williams, "and are naively appalled at the success of our instruction."

With urbanity and easy learning, Professor Williams links today's trousered apes to their forebear, Rousseau's Noble Savage. Two centuries of revolt against religion, reason and order led us to Woodstock.

In his provocative Foreword, Malcolm Muggeridge traces the odyssey of this book in its British edition, from underground sleeper to nomination among 1971's Books of the Year by three eminent London papers: the *Sunday Times*, the *Observer* and the *Sunday Telegraph*. The book's message is at least as urgent for America.

Witty, erudite, passionately felt

"Witty, erudite, passionately felt . . . a brilliant attack, and perhaps the beginning of a major argument of the '70s."—C. P. Snow, *Financial Times*

"Professor Williams, after closely studying contemporary developments in art and literature . . . observes, and brilliantly describes, the increasing predominance of an anti-civilizing trend, closely linked to a cult of ugliness, a morbid concentration on the baser elements of life, a clinical obsession with the bizarre, with the grossly sensual and degrading aspects of human nature . . . Masterly analysis."—Peregrine Worsthorne, *Sunday Telegraph*

"Provocative and important new book."—Peter Grosvenor, *Daily Express*

"A powerful indictment of the 'arrogant primitivism' which in fiction, the drama and the popular arts glorifies violence and animalism . . . a powerful analysis of the violence allied to triviality that characterises so much of our contemporary society."—*Tablet*

"Acute in diagnosing and describing the malady."—Michael Wharton, *Daily Telegraph*

"Here in England, the book began by being more or less bootlegged. Few reviewers noticed it (an honorable exception being C. P. Snow, who dealt with it at length), bookshops didn't stock it, the trade and the literary establishment left it severely alone. The reason is obvious. *Trousered Apes* (the title is taken from C. S. Lewis) is a cogently argued, highly intelligent and devastatingly effective anatomisation of what passes for culture today, showing that it is nihilistic in purpose, ethically and spiritually vacuous, and Gadarene in destination."—Malcolm Muggeridge

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Letters

Ostriches and Bears

Before we slip further into the dangerous situation that Brian Crozier explains so well in "The End of the Cold War?" [March 16], we should recall what Kipling wrote long ago: "Make ye no truce with Adam-zad—the Bear that walks like a Man!"

South Easton, Mass. LINCOLN K. DAVIS

The end of the cold war is one of those rhetorical "victories" that are so soothing, like President Nixon's declaration that henceforth the problems of the cities are to be regarded as solved. We have simply announced that the war is over and unilaterally withdrawn. Much of the new cold war is ideological—an area in which we're particularly vulnerable, having declared "the end of ideology" as easily as we declared the end of the cold war. With young people groping for principles, and Western sophists and pragmatists offering none, the Maoists and Marxists have a wide-open field.

All the wishful thinking in the world (especially in the Western academic world) won't transform the bear into a domestic animal. Brian Crozier is to be congratulated for having made that so abundantly clear.

Lodi, Calif. EMILIO VASQUEZ

How you can publish such articles as "The End of the Cold War?" by Brian Crozier is beyond me.

He cites the IRA, the Tupamaros, and the Palestinian guerrillas, as concrete proofs that the cold war is still going on. In doing this he ignores the fact that the roots from which each has grown are older than the whole philosophy of Communism; only superficially have they become part of the cold war.

Mr. Crozier's statement that the West has accepted and implemented detente while the Communist world still fights the cold war ignores the fact that, though the U.S. may remove troops from Western Europe and the rest of the non-Communist world, President Nixon has stepped up considerably the supply of American arms and military technical skills to those same nations.

At last we come to the Department of Irregular Warfare, which Mr. Crozier proposes setting up. A primary result of such a department would be new Vietnams, all over the world. If we have learned nothing else in Indochina, we have learned that the kind of war that Mr. Crozier proposes waging can never be won by either side. The final, and most bitter and ironic, result of Mr. Crozier's proposal is that his organization would have difficulty discriminating between types of revolutions. The provisions which he has presented for his Department of Irregular Warfare might even enable a Communist government to call on the help of the U.S. to put down a revolution whose sole goal was to establish democracy.

Fennville, Mich. ROBERT CLARK

The Vatican

With all my personal and intellectual respect for my friends who publish *Est & Ouest*, I must this time register my disagreement with Hervé Leclerc's article ["The Pope's Ostpolitik," March 30].

True, the historical rhythm of Church diplomacy cannot be measured by the same standards by which we measure a secular government's policy. The Church in our centuries must somehow "absorb" the Communist phenomenon and maintain her presence in Soviet lands while this process is going on. But in the present situation this policy is bound to fail since it is only a façade behind which there may be Vatican routine, not the power generated by faith and conviction. When we scorn Stalin's question, "How many divisions does the Pope have?," implicit in our contempt for the old *Realpolitiker* is our recognition of the Church's spiritual force. But we must ask today in all seriousness: Does the Church still possess a spiritual force?

If she did, policy would be in the service of faith and doctrine, as their outward protection. What we witness are political moves in the service of a mundane ideology, a secular, humanist, and indifferentist one, not very different from the theoretical Marxist position. Catholic bishops and theologians are merely less articulate (but often more enthusiastic) than Marxist philosophers when it comes to spelling out the faith in man, in mankind's immanent future, in the wisdom of history.

Granted, Rome must make accommo-

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1973. Washington Bureau and Book Editor: George F. Will, 6683 32nd Place N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

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dations with Communist countries, but these accommodations cannot lead to positive results when increasingly the official Church acquiesces to a counter-faith in her own ranks. Under these circumstances, for the Vatican or for Leclerc to say that the Church is waiting out the Communist empire's disintegration (weakening, pluralization, call it what you wish) is lack of realism; it is impertinence. The only thing that even Pope Paul's Church has for her is the *non praevalebunt*. This remains valid till the end of history. But it is not a promise against the Church's eclipse for many centuries and against the long suffering of Christians—less from Communist persecution than from the Church's own leadership.

New York, N.Y. THOMAS MOLNAR

Jerusalem

Why is it that NATIONAL REVIEW, which obviously understands and sympathizes with the religious dimension of Vatican politics, insists upon degrading what it calls "Israeli intransigence" about Jerusalem to the level of the "ideological or psychological"? Contrast your treatment of Vatican and Israeli politics ["Jerusalem"] in the March 30 issue. I believe that Jewish conservatives' distrust of *NR* arises from this sort of thing.

Don't you realize that control over Jerusalem is infinitely more precious to Jews than any ideological, military, or economic considerations? I suggest that you consider Psalm 137:

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Claremont, Calif. HARRY NEUMANN

One is of course grateful that in your editorial "Middle East" [March 16] you dare to write that "the Israelis cannot assert a claim in perpetuity to Sinai peninsula."

But when you also write "The Golan Heights and Sharm el-Sheikh are on any estimate vital to Israeli security," you fall back on one of the most pernicious principles of peacemaking. On that principle, could not Poland say it needs the Rhine for its security? Worse, could not Soviet Russia say that?

Takoma Park, Md. AUSTIN J. APP

Why is it easier for *NR* to be objectively fair to Arabs than to Israelis? Consider the caustic bit about the Bulgarian incident in 1955 ["The Week," March 30]—the analogy is as unfair as it is obvious. However bitter the tragedy over Sinai, reasonable people will at least understand it in the context of justified paranoia—Israel has real enemies who not only threaten but also attack. The Bulgarians

NR NATIONAL REVIEW VOL. XXV No. 17 APRIL 27, 1973

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we breathe a large sigh of relief, having found after years of error that the People's Republic of China is really a democracy, not a dictatorship, and that the people can elect their leaders and even remove them. If you have any doubts at all about that, perhaps you should go to Albany and ask Mr. Jack Chen, as did *NR*'s **William A. Rusher**. Mr. Chen ought to know, after all. He's redesigning the curriculum on China for students in the public schools in New York State. . . . **Vic Gold**, who knows his way around the media, takes a look at Wounded Knee, the first Indian war masterminded by Big Chief Marshall McLuhan. . . . In Linus Pauling's suit against NATIONAL REVIEW, and William F. Buckley's litigation with AFTRA, **C. Dickerman Williams** made excellent use of the First Amendment, and there's at least one more good reason to be glad we have it. If we didn't, once the Soviet Union subscribes to the Uniform Copyright Convention, dissident Soviet authors like Pasternak and Solzhenitsyn might be definitely suppressed everywhere. As it is, they may be definitely suppressed everywhere but in the United States. . . . If **Charles Wallen Jr.** of Carmel, California is right that Ronald Reagan a) will beat Alan Cranston in the '74 senatorial race and b) will enter the '76 presidential primary in New Hampshire, remember that you read it here first: And we say, *Nota bene*, in modern New Hampshire politics low taxes are *the* big issue. And, with his glittering new tax proposals, Reagan could emerge as Mr. Reduced Taxes of 1976. . . . **D. Keith Mano** visits the Franciscan Friars of the Atonement at Graymoor, where "the reception of new waves is excellent," but managed to return. His latest novel, *The Bridge*, is a Literary Guild selection. —JH

The Week	**448**	
Articles	**460**	Mr. Chen Explains "Democracy" *by William A. Rusher*
	464	Of Fallen Trees and Wounded Knees *by Victor Gold*
	466	To Europe for $19.99 *by John Keefauver*
	467	Are the American Publishers of Solzhenitsyn To Be Silenced? *by C. Dickerman Williams*
	468	Reagan: An Impression *by Charles Wallen Jr.*
Departments	**458**	Capitol Issues *by George F. Will*
	459	The Protracted Conflict *by James Burnham*
	470	From the Continent *by Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn*
	486	On the Right *by Wm. F. Buckley Jr.*
	442	Letters
	446	For the Record
	488	Trans-O-Gram
Arts & Manners	**471**	Keith Mano applies to become a monk Lorraine Gauguin visits John Wayne Priscilla Buckley enjoys *Irene* David Brudnoy on the wages of crime
Books	**475**	Anthony Lejeune on Elizabeth Longford's *Wellington* William F. Rickenbacker on *American Enterprise* Alexander Theroux on *The Bird of Night* Aram Bakshian on *The Kennedy Neurosis* Gerhart Niemeyer on Eugene V. Rostow

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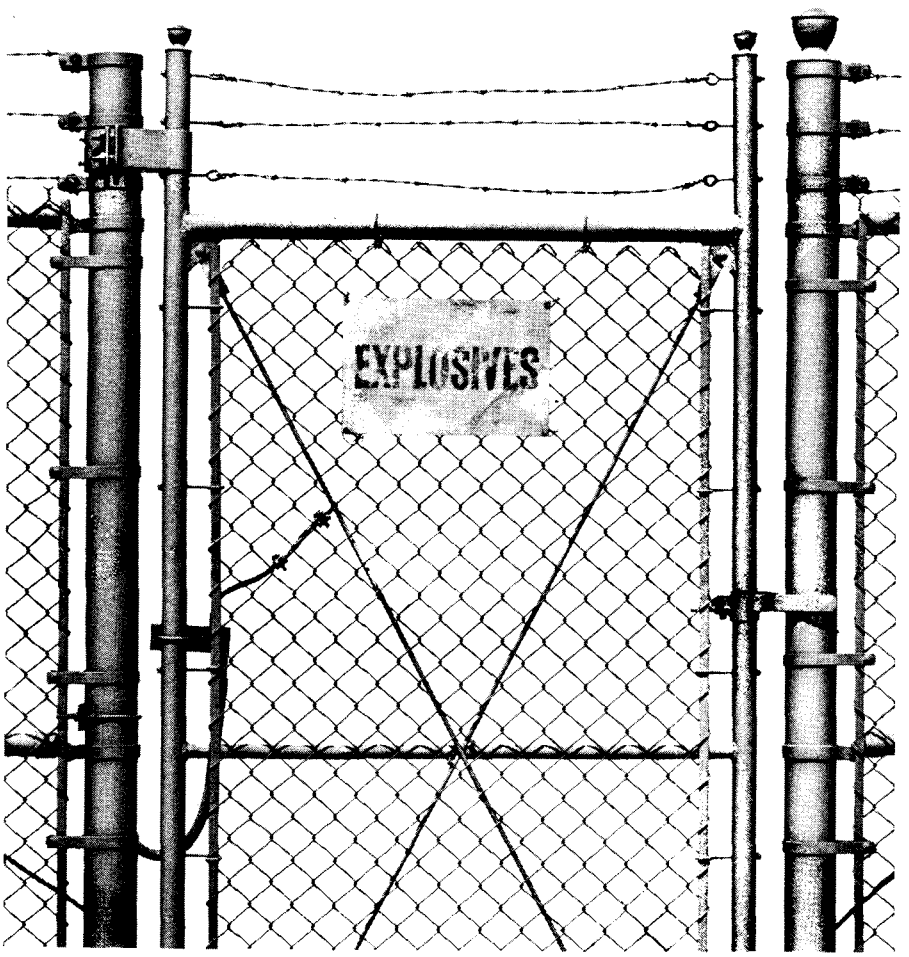

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were not fearful of an Israeli suicide attack on Sofia. In fact, Bulgaria had no motive for shooting down a plane except hostility.

And when it's Jerusalem—why is Jordan's insistence on a corridor reasonable, Israel's refusal intransigent? The history of Jordan's occupation of that same Jerusalem is available to you and to the Pope and to the European capitals. Were you then plumping for Jewish access to holy places? And in fact, Arabs do now have access to their holy places, and even have control over some of them. Why should Israel abolish border controls and risk letting terrorists enter Jerusalem unhindered?

With every deference to other religious passions, it is still clear that, while Jerusalem is *a* holy city to many, it is *the* holy city only to Judaism. On this point, believing Christians have Jesus' own word.

Los Angeles, Calif. SAUL DAVID

Phase II Complaints

Anent John Rothenburg's complaint [April 6] against the prostitute who raised her, uh, honorarium: He hasn't a chance. Phase II specifically exempted "used products."

Camden, S.C. F. R. BUCKLEY

Exclusionary Rule

Many thanks for publishing W. J. Thornton's article, "Justice in Chains," [March 16]. I am a military lawyer, and the examples of justice being frustrated by the Exclusionary Rule abound even in our domain, despite the horrible consequences possible in a military organization when the law treats the rights of suspected criminals as though they were more important than those of organized society.

Just one case in point: I was the appointed Defense Counsel for Pvt. X, who was accidentally seen through an open door in Pvt. Y's room, sitting with the latter at a desk. On the desk was the type of pipe normally used for smoking hashish and some other drug paraphernalia, although no actual drugs were in view. The captain who spotted them took the men to the orderly room to be searched. Nothing objectionable was found on their persons. A search was then conducted of Pvt. X's room. The search revealed 77 grams of block hashish in his wall locker. All charges against Pvt. X were recently dropped, however, because I informed the Trial Counsel (Prosecutor) that I intended to challenge the search's validity in this manner: Since nothing was found on Pvt. X's person, and since whatever drug use might have occurred did not occur in his room, there was therefore no probable cause for authorizing a search of *his* room. That perversion is, by the way, *the law*, and the Trial Counsel knew it. He also knew that the judge would have to apply the Exclusionary Rule in my client's favor. So, I defended my client's interests to the best of my ability, as I am sworn to do, and justice, as the Supreme Court defines it, was done. Let us all hope

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that Pvt. X isn't manning a radar screen high as a kite on hash the night the first Warsaw Pact missile screams across our sky on its way to impact in the Free World. The Supreme Court and I have washed our hands of him.

APO, New York JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

W. J. Thornton's article on the Exclusionary Rule points out clearly enough the Rule's practical shortcomings, but the remedy seems to me to leave even more to be desired. Hiring a lawyer to sue city hall after the fact simply isn't practicable for most people. Even if it were, just how much chance would an ex-convict have of securing redress for an illegal search that had helped send him up? He'd be thrown out of court.

Given these considerations, then, it is easy to maintain that the net result of Senator Bentsen's proposed legislation would be virtually to wipe out redress for invasions of the Fourth and Fifth Amendments—in no uncertain terms a disaster for civil liberties and an enormous boost for state paternalism.

Just between us and the microphone, Mr. Thornton, I suggest we put up with the Exclusionary Rule a little longer, at least until an equally effective shield is available. Otherwise we're liable to have to put up with something worse a lot longer.

Norman, Okla. MICHAEL W. BRENNAN

Mass Rail Transit

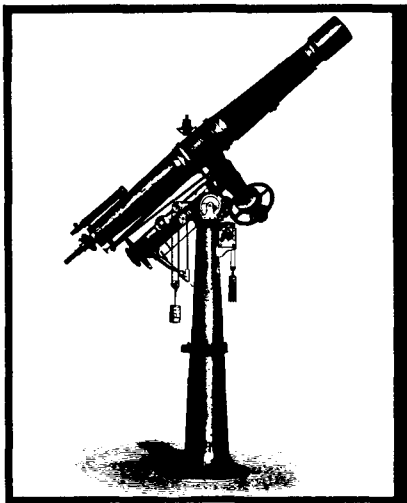
NATIONAL REVIEW persists in missing the point concerning mass rail transit ["The Week," March 2].

True, abuses and prejudices—labor, managerial, and regulatory—concerning railroads must be ended. But the essential point is that the decisions for mass rail transit will not be made on strictly economic terms. After all, is it not a conservative tenet that "man does not live by bread alone"?

Mass road building and rivers of auto and truck traffic are environmentally destructive, socially disruptive, and, most importantly, totally inadequate as a solution to our transportation problems. Rail transit on the technological level possible in the mid-Seventies meets the above objections and standards. Moreover, the only thing that makes car and truck traffic relatively inexpensive is that federal, state, and local governments have subsidized it by building, maintaining, and policing the roads at the taxpayers' expense.

To say that the present highway trust fund is fiscally unassailable because it skims revenue from taxes paid by the road users and highway lobby is complete nonsense. We all pay taxes. Yet, how many of us have as the highway lobby has the luxury of knowing that a given percentage of taxes paid on certain items related to our business will go to a fed-

(Continues on page 485)



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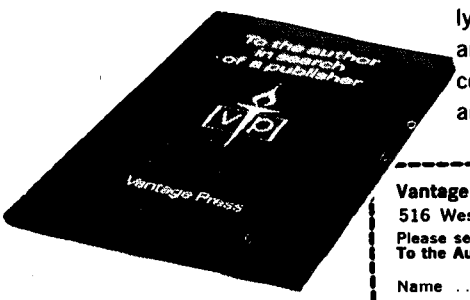

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FOR THE RECORD

■ More on the prisoners of war: Air Force Major **Philip Smith**, shot down over Red China nearly eight years ago, says he too was tortured and beaten. His treatment didn't improve until the **Kissinger-Nixon** visits to Peking. . . . Brig. Gen. **John Flynn**, the highest-ranking U.S. prisoner of the North Vietnamese, says he and other senior officers will study the conduct of the POWs with a view toward possible revisions of the Code of Conduct (for prisoners of war). Flynn says he was brought to a point where if they had told him to shoot his mother "I probably would have done so." . . . When Lt. Commander **John McCain III** refused to see "foreign visitors"—he believes they were **Jane Fonda** and **Tom Hayden**—he was beaten, an arm and leg were broken, ribs cracked, teeth knocked out. He refused at the time to accept a "propaganda release." . . . Jane Fonda has been declared persona non grata by the **Maryland** state legislature, and moves are under way in both **Colorado** and **Tennessee** to censure her for calling some returning POWs "war criminals, not heroes." . . . When Tom Hayden testified for the defense in the **Ellsberg-Russo** trial he identified himself as a college teacher, lecturer, and organizer. He's teaching a course on the **Pentagon Papers** at the Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles, he says. . . . Another former peace activist and Chicago Seven defendant, **Rennie Davis**, has split with politics according to the College Press Service and become a disciple of 15-year-old **Guru Maharj Ji**. According to CPS, when Davis gets back from Guruland he intends to set up a nationwide chain of Divine Light Sales stores to spread the lighght.

■ Upcoming political races: **F. Clifton White** has signed on as campaign consultant for Rep. **Charles Sandman**, a conservative Republican who will challenge New Jersey's Republican Gov. **William Cahill** in the June 5 primary. Sandman is given fair to good chance of upsetting Cahill, whose administration has not been scandal-free. . . . Both the **Kennedy**- and the **McGovernites** moving in on Republican Sen. **Peter Dominick** in Colorado. Former **RFK** aide **Joe Dolan** says he's interested in running against Dominick next year as is **Gary Hart**, the McGovern "whizkid" campaign manager.

Ben Roth Agency
Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal*, Canada

■ On the spy front: *Aviation News* says four of the 39-man Soviet team now at the **Houston Space Center** for training for the joint **Apollo-Soyuz** space mission, are members of the **KGB**, the Soviet secret service. . . . More spy trouble in England. Two **Soviet military attachés** have left the country suddenly after British Intelligence discovered they were trying to recruit Latin American diplomats into Soviet espionage rings. The Russians had to do something, after all, since 109 of them had been expelled from England in 1971 for espionage. . . . One Cuban diplomat, **Aristides Diaz Rovinosa**, was expelled from England earlier this year after a second London-based Cuban diplomat defected to the U.S. and blew the operation. . . . Washington has denied charges by the **Palestinian Liberation Organization** that the U.S. embassy in Beirut both sheltered and helped Israeli commandos who killed three **Al Fatah** leaders in the Lebanese capital last week. . . . The **Swedish Parliament** has authorized its security forces to expel suspected foreign terrorists, to bug their phones, open their mail, and search their houses in a move aimed not only at **Black September** but also at anti-**Tito** Yugoslav Croatian terrorists.

■ Father **Philip Berrigan** has signed a fundraising letter for the Center for Constitutional Rights which, among other things according to its literature, has taken "a leading role in the fight against restrictive abortion laws" and is now leading the battle in New York State to have "abortions covered by Medicaid." . . . The **Woman's National Abortion Action Coalition** (WONAAC) is furious at the Senate for, in effect, exempting Catholic hospitals and any doctors and nurses who object on religious grounds to abortions and sterilizations from having to perform them. The bill is "flagrantly unconstitutional," says WONAAC, because it means that women in areas served only by Catholic hospitals will have to go elsewhere to get their abortions. (Imagine having to travel to get an abortion?) . . . Very hot debate indeed in **National Institute of Health** over whether aborted fetuses should be used for medical research, according to story in April 10 *Washington Post*.

■ Helpful Hand for Doubting Tourists: Turkish archaeologist **Izzet Senemoglu**, on the basis of **Homer**'s description, has designed a 35-foot horse, which will be placed at the spot outside the ruins of Troy from which it is believed the original Trojan horse was dragged into the city.

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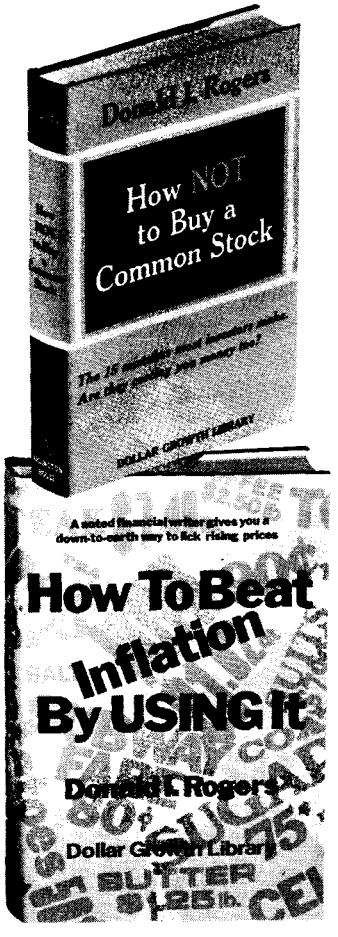
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THE WEEK

■ The boycotters struggling to make meats end obviously do not understand that the problem is the falling price of the dollar, not the rising price of meat. Insofar as the boycott is successful, it will discourage beef production and thus increase beef prices two years from now. The ladies would do better boycotting Federal Reserve notes.

■ The Equity Funding scandal isn't calculated to inspire confidence in an already squeamish stock market. Here we have a huge financial conglomerate, in the tightly regulated insurance industry, which has been accused of selling thousands of bogus insurance policies to re-insurers, many of them large and prestigious companies. Prominent sources of investment advice had recently written that Equity Funding's stock had "above-average appreciation potential" (Standard & Poor's), was "considerably undervalued" (Hayden Stone), and that "Equity has assembled one of the best growth records of any insurance company in the country" (Oppenheimer). Since the Wall Street experts, the Securities and Exchange Commission, and the state insurance inspectors didn't notice any irregularities, could they spot a herd of charging elephants on a field of snow?

■ Labor Secretary Brennan has proposed increasing the minimum wage in steps to $2.30 by 1976, with a 20 per cent lower minimum for teenagers. AFL-CIO chief George Meany was "aghast . . . that Brennan had abandoned the trade-union principles he espoused for all of his life before coming to Washington." The "principles" in question involve keeping the minimum wage of teenage employment prohibitively high, so that privileged guilds are protected from teen-age competition. Employers expect inexperienced youths to be less productive than experienced adults, so an equally high minimum wage on all age groups is a sure way of preventing employers from hiring teenagers. The teenagers won't be better off unemployed at $2.30 an hour than employed at $1.80, and the poor won't be better off paying higher prices for McDonald's hamburgers.

■ In its proposed revision of the Federal Criminal Code, the Administration is calling for criminal sanctions against those who, without authorization, disclose "information related to the national defense," against those (e.g., Jack Anderson) who receive it, and even against those government workers who, knowing that a colleague has made such a disclosure, fail to turn him in. The law is so vague, Senator Muskie charges, that Robert Kennedy would have been liable to prosecution for his inside account of the Cuban missile crisis, *Thirteen Days*; other provisions of the proposed legislation would, says the *New York Times*, "cover *all* classified documents no matter how improperly labeled, thereby seeking to give to some twenty thousand functionaries the absolute power of censorship. Such legislation would go beyond anything considered necessary in periods of extreme national emergency." Indeed it would; and it would give the government an unhealthy power and discretion of enforcement. Under existing laws, Daniel Ellsberg may be imprisoned for 115 years. If the Administration thinks that the nation's interest (as distinct from its own) requires more laws, it should aim them at objective and evil consequences, rather than the mere formal act of disclosure.

■ The State Department is confident that even if the readmission of Cuba came to a vote in some future session of the OAS, the U.S. could count on the support of a majority of the 23 member nations. Pro-Cuban sentiment, even in South America, is half-hearted. 1) There is the economic shambles in Cuba, a happy result of which is that the government has had to curtail exporting revolution, and concentrate instead on bringing in the sugar. 2) Cuba's ties to Soviet Russia are stronger than ever, an attachment that's costing the USSR a reported cool $2 million a day. And 3) there is no sign of a sweetening Fidel. Castro just now ended the eight-year-old refugee airlift, stranding fifty thousand Cubans who were queueing for freedom, most of them already divested of property and possessions, and subject to constant harassment.

■ Marxist literary criticism, reports the (London) *Times Higher Educational Supplement*, is now catching on as "the most dramatic—if not the most cohesive"—branch of criticism in America. At a recent Modern Language Association convention, Marxist critic Frederic Jameson commented on James Dickey's *Deliverance*, in which vacationing businessmen face sexual assault and death at the hands of a pair of backwoodsmen: "What is the matter with Dickey's treatment of these social terrors is that he is himself possessed by them. . . . His story is thus not an instrument of ideological demystification, but rather an outright political and social wish-fulfillment and as such it reinforces the very tendencies which it is the function of genuine art to expose." Meanwhile, another Marxist, Gaylord LeRoy, attacked the "outdated assumption that Marxist critics are really more interested in a writer's political consciousness than in his art." Maybe it's not cohesive, but at least it isn't monolithic.

■ Remember the Tuskegee Study? About a year ago it was reported in the press, to the horror of many Americans, that several hundred syphilitic men were denied medical treatment over a period of four decades, in order that the ravages of the disease might be observed. All

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of the subjects were black; the study was conducted in Alabama; editorialists supplied the obvious moral. Now one P. C. Graffagnino, writing in the March issue of the *Bulletin* of the Muscogee County (Ga.) Medical Society, has come up with a few facts: 1) None of the patients was denied treatment, though 2) the study began in 1932, 16 years before penicillin became available, so that 3) the only treatment the wretched men could have gotten was the long, taxing, dangerous, and often fatal arsenical-heavy metal routine, 4) which was of doubtful efficacy, in any case, for advanced syphilis, wherefore 5) many patients refused it. Still, by 1972, most had accepted treatment of one sort or another; others had been lost track of; many had died (naturally enough, since the ages of the men in the original group would have ranged from 65 to 95). The study had to be confined to those who voluntarily remained untreated and available (as well as alive). All in all, notes Dr. Graffagnino, a routine scientific study, based, as it happens, on an earlier one conducted in Norway. No doubt the Yankee press will furnish many more tales of genocide in the Deep South; meanwhile, file this under Dog Bites Man.

■ The Tax Court has disallowed the claim of a Wichita, Kansas gent that his income was not taxable since none of it was received in constitutionally legal money, that is, gold or silver. The man's right, of course. The power to issue paper money was denied to the Federal Government by the Founding Fathers (on a specific vote removing the power from an early draft of the Constitution). The Supreme Court later legalized Civil War greenbacks so long as they were backed by gold. But Federal Reserve notes today are not convertible into gold, and so are "bogus and counterfeit," as the Wichita man contended, in every sense except the legal.

■ *Ms.* may have mssed the outrage, but women were banned from the Good Friday (!) world marbles championship in Tinsley Green, England because they "wasted too much time" in last year's competition.

■ Follow closely. President Nixon has vetoed a Senate forced-spending bill to release funds for the Rural Environmental Assistance Program, which includes a provision for reimbursing farmers for keeping land wet for the benefit of migrating ducks and geese. Also vetoed: the forced spending of rural sewer and water funds. Two suggestions. 1) Divert the rural water to the migrating ducks and geese. 2) Divert the migrating federal money back to the taxpayers.

■ As the war ended, wage and price controls began to break down. Meat prices in particular continued to soar, despite a boycott by irate housewives. The President wanted a simple extension of the law enabling him to impose controls, but Congress, unhappy about the evident failure of existing arrangements, was determined to make controls mandatory. New legislation to that effect was vetoed just before the old legislation was due to expire, leaving the economy uncontrolled for almost a month. Another effort to reimpose controls failed, and in November 1946 President Truman announced the general removal of all wage and price controls.

■ A Clevelandperson who underwent a surgical sex change had his—her—hs. hospital bill picked up by the Welfare Department. But Gi-Gi Diamond of Chicago wasn't quite so lucky. The Cook County department of public aid paid for Gi-Gi's breast augmentation, all right, but balked, weeks later, at paying for a vaginoplasty. "This is very disturbing to me," complains Gi-Gi, now unemployed and getting by on $175 monthly in "aid to disabled" payments. "I am in sexual limbo." Typical government interference, an example of coitus sure-*enough* interruptus.

■ For those who contend that our military establishment may not be in perfect fighting trim, let it be recorded that the Pentagon manages its business with only 11,916 different printed forms, and very nicely too.

Keepers of Our Conscience

"The [North Vietnamese] definition of lenient and humane treatment was that they permitted you to live. Everything over and above that was . . . gravy." "They'd catch one of us with a broken arm and work it up and down like a pump." "They would tie your wrists behind you as tightly as two men can tie them—one standing on your arms and the other pulling on the ropes. Your shoulders would sometimes pop out of their sockets." "I was beaten until my buttocks were hamburger. There was blood splattering against the wall each time the club fell."

When the POWs talk about what sustained them throughout their years of torture and imprisonment, they invariably mention, it seems, God, country, and family. They never mention Jane Fonda, Cora Weiss, or Ramsey Clark. And there's no reason why they should. These three and the rest of the hard-core antiwar movement have unstintingly stood by the Vietcong and North Vietnamese, and scoffed at anybody who dared to claim the POWs were being tortured.

In 1970 Cora Weiss said that because the North Vietnamese disclosed the names of *four* prisoners and handed over letters from a few POWs, it proved "that the North Vietnamese are following a humanitarian policy toward the prisoners." Now she says: "I'm sure there was some suffering and hardship. There are horrors in prison life, whether it's in Hanoi or the United States." Note the neat equation. Ramsey Clark, after a brief visit to Hanoi, was able to say that ten POWs he saw in Hanoi "were unquestionably humanely

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treated." Now, when confronted by returning POWs about his visit, Clark says he went because he thought he "might be able to help . . . stop the war or stop the bombing or help the POWs." The POWs inform him that he failed on all counts. As for Jane Fonda, until only a few days ago she continued to insist the prisoners were treated humanely, and that any POW who disagreed was a liar and a hypocrite.

So far none of these three, nor anybody else in the antiwar movement, has yet admitted they were wrong about the brave and gentle North Vietnamese. Not one has apologized to the POWs for being flacks for the torturers. Not one has apparently even entertained the notion that their activities prolonged the war and the imprisonment. Not one has expressed shock or outrage or even sorrow at the POWs' treatment. That great moral beacon Philip Berrigan was pleased to characterize the POWs as war criminals. Smug self-righteousness has seldom been carried to a higher pitch.

Throughout the POWs' return, the liberal press has maintained an even-handed approach. The *New York Times*, quite forthrightly, proclaimed that "a compelling case can and should be made against the North Vietnamese" because of their barbarities. But, like the *Washington Post*, the *Times* cites South Vietnam's tiger cages. Meanwhile, because there was no victory, there will be no Nuremberg Tribunal, which does not mean that there weren't war criminals.

Black Progress and Liberal Rhetoric

True or false: Between 1959 and 1971, a majority of American blacks moved into the middle class; average income among blacks rose 100 per cent in that time; a greater percentage of blacks than whites belonged to unions; median income among young black married men outside the South reached parity with whites.

All true, Ben Wattenberg and Richard Scammon document, in the April issue of *Commentary*; but, strangely, civil-rights leaders and other liberals have worked very hard to keep this black upward mobility a secret. Julian Bond, for example, recently told a high-level civil-rights symposium: ". . . in a great many ways, we are constantly discovering that things have either not changed at all, or have become much worse. A quick look at all of the facts and figures that measure how well, or how poorly, a people are doing—the kinds of statistics that measure infant mortality, unemployment, median family income, life expectancy—demonstrates clearly that the average black American, while better off in comparison than his father was, is actually worse off when his statistics are measured against similar ones for white people. . . . It is these depressing figures, and the accompanying pathology which results from them, that causes so much discontent and depression in black communities today."

Nonsense, say Scammon and Wattenberg, and they make their case convincingly. But they are less satisfactory in exploring the roots of the liberal rhetoric of failure. In their view, liberal rhetoricians, by raising cries of doom, hope to put pressure on government to "do more"—i.e., to pour more money into Great Society programs. But Scammon and Wattenberg themselves see the fallacy here. If things are really getting worse all the time, as the liberal rhetoric claims, then those programs have demonstrably failed. The slogan "We have failed, let us continue" is scarcely very galvanizing.

It may be, however, that liberal rhetoric of failure is a more autonomous thing, has a music and an artistic vitality all its own, and is addressed to an audience

"Couldn't you open a few windows, Mr. President?"

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possessing an insatiable appetite for it. Liberalism, after all, is centrally concerned with *failure*: with righting wrongs, aiding victims, and so forth. From that perspective, success is the mortal enemy of liberalism: Too many successes would put it out of business. And, therefore, the reaffirmation of failure, the renewed indictment of society—even in the teeth of fact—is integral to liberal rhetoric.

Energy

For several years now our national policies on energy use have been influenced, on an unsystematic basis, by environmentalists and consumer groups. Many of the resulting laws have increased demand for scarce energy sources: Auto-emission-control devices and heavier bumpers increase gasoline consumption, industrial-pollution-control systems increase electrical consumption, emission standards encourage industry to switch from coal and industrial oil to scarce heating oil and natural gas, price ceilings on natural and petroleum gas encourage wasteful consumption and discourage investment to increase supplies.

Paradoxically, the same groups that pressed for energy-absorbing environmental reforms have simultaneously blocked efforts to meet the resulting increased demand with additional energy supplies. They oppose refinery construction and strip-mining of low-sulphur coal because of the disturbance to scenery, offshore drilling and oceanic transport of oil because of the danger of spillage, a trans-Alaskan pipeline because of possible dangers to wildlife, and nuclear plants because of radiation dangers and the heating of water used to cool the power plants. These ecological objections are valid up to a point, but rarely constructive. There are difficult compromises to be made. No solutions can be found by rejecting *all* the options.

President Nixon's forthcoming statement on the energy crisis is expected to suggest a new direction for national policy. Under the President's recommendations, foreign petroleum products would be restrained only by a tariff ("fee") rather than absolute quotas. This would permit increased imports as a short-run solution, while providing the price encouragement to expand domestic supplies over the longer run. The Interior Department, under President Nixon's plan, would be instructed to step up offshore oil and gas leasing, and to license deep-water ports for supertankers. To encourage exploration and economical use, new natural-gas supplies would be relieved of artificially low regulated prices. Electrical appliances would be labeled to show their power-use efficiencies. And more money would be devoted to research on the conversion of our abundant coal to substitutes for petroleum and natural gas. All this won't fix the immediate problems, the looming gasoline shortage and brownouts, but it looks like a promising approach to the difficulties ahead.

Further Signs of Decline

Are you working? So am I.
Here's a thought to make you cry:
While we, weekly, bust our guts,
Millions sit upon their butts;
Others smugly pay the rent
Goofing off in government.
Late statistics say that we
Make a bare majority,
But they breed to beat the band.
Better bank in Switzerland.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Ellsberg and Russo Show

True enough, Profound Issues are supposed to be at stake in the Ellsberg-Russo trial now dragging its weary length along in Los Angeles. Ellsberg removed classified material from the offices of the Rand Corporation, and with the help of an "unauthorized person," Russo, copied it on a Xerox machine. Exactly how the material then found its way to Neil Sheehan and the *New York Times* and other papers so far remains unclear.

The defense denies none of the above, but contends that the documents in question were not government property, and so could not have been "stolen," that the publications did not jeopardize national security, and that, furthermore, there is no law making it criminal to disclose "classified information." The prosecution, relying on the Espionage Act, maintains that the public disclosure of the contents of the documents in fact made them available to the enemy, and did endanger security. These and other subtleties constitute the legal substance of the case.

The larger political substance, however, has virtually evaporated. When Ellsberg first burst upon the scene two years ago, he made it plain that his intention was to use his trial as a public forum on the war. Ellsberg, the defendant, would dramatically turn on his accusers and, in effect, put the government on trial for war crimes. None of this has come to pass. The Ellsberg defense, paradoxically, is minimizing the importance of the documents. Far from being a great revelation, the defense holds, the contents of the Pentagon Papers were really known to just about everyone anyway. And the focus of the indictment is narrow enough to preclude turning the courtroom into a second Nuremberg.

No "Free Dan" buttons have appeared. No movement has formed to warm itself at the flames of the martyr. The radical-chic crowd has turned elsewhere after one brief Ellsberg season: Indians are the thing now. No demonstrations in East Berlin. A timely conversion might get the Catholic Left on his side, but this

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

So far the big loser in the Watergate investigation has been one of the investigators, Senator Lowell Weicker (R., Conn.). In a remarkable week Weicker produced a steady stream of vague insinuations and then wound up on *Face the Nation*, demanding that H. R. "Bob" Haldeman, White House chief of staff, resign. He said that although he did not have any solid evidence, high (but unnamed) GOP officials had told him that "Haldeman knew what was going on." Weicker said Haldeman "clearly has to accept responsibility" for illegal acts by the Nixon campaign organization. All this talk got Weicker what he obviously was after—a lot of media exposure. But it did not work quite as he had planned it. He infuriated the other members of the Watergate committee, who thought he was destroying the Committee's credibility. Committee Chairman Sam Ervin and Vice Chairman Howard Baker issued a statement for the Committee regretting "certain news media accounts attributable to this committee inferring that Mr. Haldeman . . . was involved in the break-in and bugging of the Democratic National Committee at the Watergate and other illegal activities." The press, and especially the *Washington Post* and *New York Times* decided Weicker was currying their favor by attacking a Nixon favorite and they didn't go for it. The *Post* declared "we are not prepared to believe that Senator Weicker has publicly substantiated what are essentially his insinuations or has done anything for the prospect of getting at the facts fairly and responsibly and in a convincing way." The *Times* said Weicker has "muddied the waters," and *Times* columnist James Reston wrote: "He has appointed himself top bull in the Watergate china shop, and charges around smashing the crockery every day or so."

■ All is quiet—for the moment—along the west front of the Capitol Building. But this is the calm before another storm about a proposed extension of that front. For a decade the government has been debating whether to restore the badly crumbling front or to extend it to provide more working space. Opponents of extension argue that it would damage a historic treasure: the west front is the last remaining exterior portion of the original building. Those favoring extension—mostly congressmen and senators and those they employ—say Congress needs the space for the nearly four thousand people who work on Capitol Hill. Extension would cost $60 million, approximately twice the estimate submitted when the debate began a decade ago. The front could be restored for less than $15 million. A committee composed of Vice President Agnew and congressional leaders has recommended extension. And George M. White, newly appointed Architect of the Capitol, has recently changed from an outspoken critic of extension to an advocate of it.

■ Democratic Congressman John Melcher from wheat-growing Montana says the Agriculture Department spent $300 million unnecessarily to subsidize last year's giant wheat sales to the Soviet Union. He says officials in Australia and Canada, the only other possible sources of wheat, urged the U.S. to make the Soviet Union pay the market price. The U.S. was in a position to do this, they said, because the Soviet need was critical and neither Australia nor Canada could handle the sale.

■ Senator Peter Dominick (R., Colo.), who is up for re-election in 1974, has urged President Nixon not to request salary increases for high government officials, including members of Congress. Dominick has heard that a special commission on government pay will suggest a 25 per cent increase. Such an increase would be a political disaster in a period of economic unrest and resentment about various controls. Members of Congress now make $42,500, up from $35,000 in 1969. A 25 per cent increase would raise them to about $55,000. . . . Texans George Bush (Republican National Chairman), Robert Strauss (Democratic National Chairman), John Tower (Chairman of the Senate Republican Policy Committee), and John Connally (Most Courted Lad) must now share the limelight with Texas Senator Lloyd Bentsen, who has been named chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee. Bentsen, 52, is handsome, wealthy, intelligent, moderate and ambitious enough to know that the traveling and money-dispensing involved in his new job will not hurt any national aspirations he may have. . . . In recent years there has been much controversy about commercial exploitation of such Civil War sites as Gettysburg and Antietam. Now the battle of the battlefields has erupted on the outskirts of the District of Columbia. The statue of General Jackson, CSA, on Manassas battlefield, hard by Bull Run, at the spot where he stood "like a stone wall," may soon overlook an amusement park. The board of supervisors of the Washington suburb of Prince William County, Virginia, has rezoned 513 acres adjoining the site of the two battles of Bull Run to enable the Marriott Corporation to build a "Great America" park featuring rides, live entertainment, and food services. . . . Senator Edmund Muskie, 59, says he is "keeping his options open" about 1976. —CATO

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would be a *pis-aller*. So far as political impact is concerned, Ellsberg might as well still be working for Rand.

If Ellsberg and Russo are convicted, and the conviction is upheld on appeal, the sole effect is likely to be a damping down of leaks to the press by government employees and ex-government employees. The case therefore takes its place as one phase of a continuing power struggle between the Administration and powerful hostile institutions in the press and other media. The Constitution, contrary to widespread rumor, will survive.

As we go to press, Ellsberg's admitted accomplice, Russo, has at long last testified for the first time, and in a minor way his performance possesses genuine psychological and historical interest. In Vietnam, as a Rand Corporation employee, he had been assigned, Russo said, the job of interviewing Vietcong prisoners. One prisoner, he recalled, "recited poetry to me" and "sang some songs to me." Whereupon Russo broke down in the courtroom and began to weep: It apparently had come to him as a devastating revelation in the presence of this prisoner that an enemy soldier could be attractive and human and believe wholeheartedly in his cause. The significant thing here is that for Russo such knowledge came as a surprise.

Before then, one understands, Russo had lived for years in a purely bookish and academic setting: VPI, Princeton graduate school in physics, Woodrow Wilson

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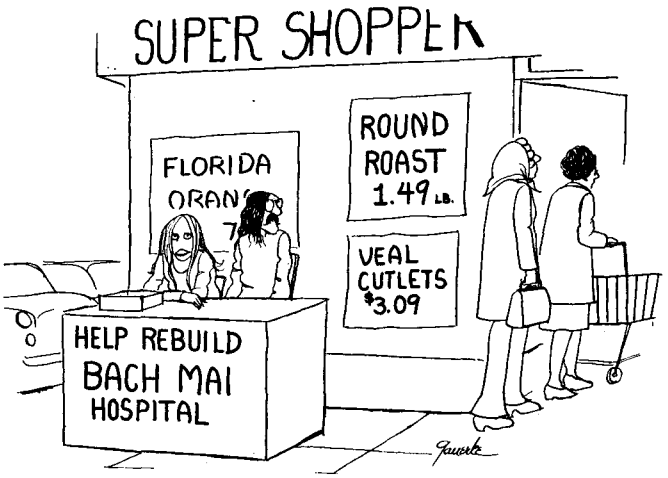
School of Public and International Affairs, the Rand Corporation: a background which, on the evidence of his testimony in Los Angeles, scarcely seems to have prepared him for the human realities of warfare as known since, at least, Homer.

Jimmy the Greek is not yet quoting odds on the outcome of the trial. Ellsberg, technically at least, faces a sentence of up to 115 years, Russo 35, if convicted.

Teddy at Work

Near the end of its last session, Congress approved something called the Office of Technological Assessment. According to its sponsors, OTA would be an "arm of Congress" staffed by technological experts who would be available to advise members of Congress on such matters as the ABM, and SST, pollution, and whatnot. Harmless enough, on the surface, but, unfortunately, there's more. OTA members would, in fact, have far-reaching powers. The bill stipulates that they would "make full use of competent personnel and organizations"; enter into contracts "or other arrangements as may be necessary" with federal and state agencies or any "person, firm, association, corporation, or educational institution"; be "authorized to secure from any executive department or agency information, suggestions, estimates, statistics, and technical assistance." The bill further stipulates that these agencies "shall furnish" anything OTA asks.

The OTA hasn't yet begun dispensing its expertise, it will do that starting in July, but it already has the Nixon Administration worried. First of all, the Administration is upset over the many powers granted this new "arm of Congress"; second, and even more disturbing, the new arm looks suspiciously like a political weapon to be used against the Administration. Senator Edward Kennedy, the moving spirit behind the bill, patiently states that the Administration's fears are groundless, promising that OTA will be "objective and nonpartisan." But as it happens, Kennedy is also director of the joint congressional board that will set policy for OTA and the names of three of his possible appointees have become known. He is lining up Emilio Daddario, former Connecticut Representative, for the $40,000-a-year post as OTA director. Daddario voted against both the ABM and SST. For the top advisory council post, Kennedy is said to favor either Dr. Herbert York of Berkeley or Dr. Jerome Wiesner of MIT. Both tirelessly lobbied against ABM and SST, and have taken a dim view, across the board, of Nixon defense policies. To Administration insiders, moreover, the OTA—initially, but only initially, funded at $5 million—looks very much like a juicy pork barrel for Kennedyites in the education-poverty-pollution-industrial complex. In the works is another Kennedy project. Last year he pushed through the Senate a bill, S-32, that would have authorized $1.8 billion for what was in effect the greening of the scientific community. According to Kennedy, the bill's goal was to have "civilian" R&D funded on a par with "military" R&D, but even Dr. Jeremy Stone, director of the anti-Nixon Federation of American Scientists and S-32 lobbyist, has admitted the bill is simply "a pork barrel for the scientific community." Last year, after breezing through the Senate, S-32 died in the House; Kennedy has already re-introduced it this year and the old-boy network in Cambridge, along Route 128 and elsewhere, can hardly wait. If it passes, the President should squelch it with a veto.



"Maybe we're competing with too many problems here at home."

Tergiversation at Princeton

In our last issue, *NR* published an editorial concerning a so-called "Birth Control Handbook" which had been distributed through official channels to all students at Princeton University. In addition to routine anatomical and pharmaceutical information, the "Handbook" also contained an "Introduction" which we characterized—and this has not been challenged—as a Maoist political tract, and which denounced the U.S. in extreme and intellectually, not to say morally, unacceptable terms before indulging in unqualified praise of Mao's China. Passing strange, we thought. We described the pamphlet in our editorial, meanwhile asking the authorities at Princeton: What is going on? We provide herewith an interim report:

1) We predictably received a good deal of mail from assorted undergraduates accusing us of prudery, a notion we will examine in due course. A number of Princeton alumni, unable to believe that the University would countenance the distribution under official auspices of a tract containing the extreme passages quoted, imagined that the editorial was some sort of hoax. We sympathized deeply; but we had to inform them that, no, this time the reality had outdistanced the imagination of the satirist and the hoaxer. The thing was real.

2) Mr. William H. Weathersby, Vice President for

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Public Affairs, replied to our inquiry promptly in an extraordinary letter dated April 5. Writing "on behalf of President Bowen and other officials of the University," Mr. Weathersby explained that "the distribution of the political commentary to campus rooms, without benefit of an accompanying disclaimer, was inconsistent with *the University's policy of neutrality regarding political and social commentary of this kind.*" (Italics added.) He enclosed an official "Response to Inquiries about the 'Birth Control Handbook' " which further explained: "An announcement of the new SECH Program previously distributed to students said that 'occasionally, the program will distribute printed materials which will be chosen for their accuracy in presenting aspects of human sexuality (and without implied endorsement of any accompanying political or social commentary).' Although this statement was intended to accompany the booklet, it was inadvertently omitted."

Mr. Weathersby's letter, for which we are grateful, crystallizes the issue nicely. If a university were indeed neutral on the subject of totalitarian revolution, we would judge that to be an absurdity. Moreover, begging his pardon, we are completely skeptical of his claim that the University really does have a "policy of neutrality regarding political and social commentary of this kind." We doubt, to put it mildly, that the same biological information would have been similarly distributed if it had been integrally a part of a Nazi racist tract, or a Ku Klux Klan flyer, or a Birchite diatribe. If you believe that such material would have passed the pertinent Advisory Board, then you will believe anything, which at least our readers don't.

3) Now, whereas antisemitic or anti-Negro diatribes assuredly would have upset the Advisory Board, and would have been quashed, along with the biological icing, a Maoist diatribe, cast in the most extreme terms, did not run into any sort of comparable filter; did not, in fact, really upset anyone until it became clear that the whole thing was bad pr.

It is precisely *here* that the whole thing seems noteworthy. And we hazard the guess that, in contrast to antisemitic or anti-Negro rhetoric, the Maoist rhetoric was not particularly upsetting because it has become a rather commonplace mode of discourse on the campus. We would not like to think that any of the Princeton officials involved really *believe* the Maoist claptrap; we merely observe that they have become inured to it, that it strikes them as routine, and, therefore, not really objectionable.

4) The " 'Birth Control Handbook' . . . will receive no further distribution except on request," according to the official "Response."

5) Interestingly enough, according to our correspondence, it has been distributed on other campuses without exciting any special curiosity, which, indeed, supports our point 3.

6) As suggested above, the "Birth Control Handbook" contretemps is not an isolated item. It bears on the entire cultural-political-sexual circumstance at Princeton and elsewhere. *NR* will probe this nexus in our next issue.

Success Story

Once upon a time a young man from suburban Chicago enrolled at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, and got a job writing a political column for a student newspaper. He introduced the column saying: "I plan to use it as a means of letting the rest of the campus know a little bit more of how a New Leftist thinks." He was later elected to the City Council from one of the student wards. Not long after taking his City Council seat, the young alderman ripped up a copy of the City Ordinances during an impassioned speech to his fellow aldermen. He told the Council he was "not in favor of taking action against students who damaged property" during a riot. He addressed a crowd of 1,400 SDS sympathizers and according to a newspaper account "proceeded to explain why the group should take over the building."

After campus radicals ignited a huge bomb that blew the Army Math Research Center and a UW building to kingdom come, and took the life of a grad student, he wrote a letter to a campus newspaper advising students that: "Whether [Karl] Armstrong [who was apprehended in Canada and charged with the bombing] is innocent or guilty, anyone who conceptually supported ridding this campus of Army Math, no matter whether they approved or disapproved of the bombing itself, must come to his defense." He wrote that "Drugs, such as cannabis, mescaline, and LSD can be a creative force in this community because their consciousness expanding powers excite the imagination to topple the narrow and repressive spirit of plastic Amerika." He released 19 names and six photographs of undercover police agents making drug busts in Madison at the time.

This young man is Paul Soglin. On April 3 he was elected mayor of the city of Madison.

Without the student vote, Soglin would have lost by 5,500 votes. With it, he won by 3,500 votes. He also had lots of help and endorsements from the local Democratic Party machinery. Democrats in the state legislature introduced a Joint Resolution congratulating Soglin on his glorious victory. Republican State Senator James Swan moved to amend the resolution, adding to

Bureau-Cracy

The FBI loves absolutes
(Especially so today).
Things are either black or white;
There are no shades of Gray.

JACK KIRWAN

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the congratulations for Paul Soglin "the Legislature's sympathy for the City of Madison." The chair ruled the resolution was not amendable.

UW YAF leader Robert Ritholz gave Madison newspapers the Quote of the Day: "There is a need for defense from whatever was elected."

NICHOLAS J. LONIELLO

Pablo Picasso, RIP

In popular understanding, such figures as Alexander, Caesar, Tamerlane, Napoleon, Hitler, and Stalin, the conquerors and tyrants who in their ruthless course trample men underfoot, are the exemplars of Friedrich Nietzsche's "superman." The Nazis, it was widely taught, were the crop that history harvested from the dragon's teeth Nietzsche had sown. Though this interpretation is not altogether wrong, it has only an indirect and tenuous relation to the philosophic idea, or vision, to which Nietzsche sought to give expression. What defines the essence of the superman (or merely, "superior man," as the German can also be translated) is his creation of his own values, thus also his rejection of, or indifference to, all values the origin and authority of which are external to himself in custom, church, tribe, or state. *If ye would go up high, then use your own legs! Do not get yourselves carried aloft; do not rest yourselves on other people's backs and heads! . . . When a man is walking on his road, even his steps reveal it: Watch me walk!* The first and final act of creation is to create values—*To give values is to create: Note it, you creators!*

For Nietzsche, the supermen were not the conquerors and rulers, who were in fact often as much slaves of convention and prejudice as the servile masses, but above all the supreme poets and artists, the prophets, and the wilder of the saints. And it is in that supercompany that Pablo Picasso is surely to be numbered. At the moment when, in 1906, he turned quite suddenly from the marvelous but on the whole traditional and romantic harlequins, dancers, and acrobats of his blue and pink phase, he took on his Nietzschean role as destroyer and creator of values. *Transformation of values—means transformation of creators. Whoever of necessity creates, of necessity destroys.* The work of destruction left most of the externals of the aesthetic tradition in a shambles, and was renewed time after time as Picasso destroyed his own earlier forms in the process of still more creation. *Whoever must be a creator of good and evil, must first be a destroyer, and break up values.*

His creative energy was overwhelming and inexhaustible. It was as if all the physical world presented itself to him as only a potential stuff for *him* to form. Canvas, paper, wood, linoleum, marble, iron, granite, glass, wool, tin, plaster, bottles, old junk heaps—Picasso's restless, radiating energy seized on everything in the world around him to submit it to *his* form and *his* values. Often, of course, to the incomprehension or dismay or disgust of the onlookers, but in time the onlookers, too, submitted to his form and his values. *What do I care for marketplace and rabble and rabble-noise and long rabble-ears!* He worked, usually, with almost unbelievable speed; the result was often enough trivial or crude or half-finished, and the completeness of a work by a Giotto or a Titian was outside his power, as of all artists of our disintegrated time; and sometimes he was amusing himself by shocking the bourgeoisie or playing his jokes. *Be of good cheer: What does it matter! How much is still possible! Learn to laugh at yourselves as it is necessary to laugh!* But even if he had drawn the line in a single-second stroke, it always pulsed with energy and life. *Psychologists should bethink themselves before putting down the instinct of self-preservation as the cardinal instinct of an organic being. A live thing seeks above all to* discharge *its strength.*

Many of the obituaries bring up *Guernica* and Picasso's membership in the Communist Party. But *Guernica*, with its ancient and universal symbols and forms, has only an incidental and transient relation with whatever Picasso thought happened at the little town from which it was named; and Picasso's Communism cannot be taken seriously. He was not a politician, above all not a disciplined soldier of any revolution except his own; his formal adherence to the party was only one further, and rather banal, assertion of his transvaluation of values. It was not an imperialist but an official Soviet critic (Vladimir Kemenov) who wrote of him: "His works are an apology for capitalist aesthetics that provoke the indignation of the simple people, if not the bourgeoisie. His pathology has created repugnant monstrosities. In his *Guernica* he portrayed not the Spanish Republic, but monsters. He treads the path of cosmopolitanism, of empty geometric forms. His every canvas deforms man." Supermen are more dangerous than H-bombs. The world can't digest very many of them, but it would be a drearier place if there weren't any.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A special mark of NATIONAL REVIEW has always been its stress on form as well as substance. That's why the slow, steady slide into four-letter language is so disturbing. The cancer began with over-loving reporting of vulgar and obscene language, then spread under the guise of sophisticated humor. In recent months the trend accelerated under the juvenile umbrella of forceful writing. But surely the nadir in bad taste was reached Feb-

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ruary 16 in a four-letter reply to a reader who raised a spiritual point in one of the current debates. The offense requires an apology, without clever asides. The malady itself suggests surgery. Sincerely,

J. J. McCormick Sr.
Winooski, Vermont

Dear Mr. Buckley:

"Crap"? As the start of an answer to a letter in *NR*, it is worthy perhaps of a college level magazine, but for conservatives aiming at more than the role of heckler in government, isn't this an indulgence?

The stakes are considerable, and the conservative voice seems to me essential in the evaluation going on right now where social and governmental control is increasing. While the word in question has a validity, in ecological terms, which it may not have had until recently, it is still distracting to a lot of readers like myself who have been educated to make their points with intellectual precision minus the emotional heat—or at least to try to in writing.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) Jean Paashaus
Summit, New Jersey

But . . . but . . .

crap[2] (krap), n., v., **crapped, crapping.** Slang. —n. 1. *Vulgar.* excrement. 2. nonsense; drivel: *Man, don't hand me that crap.* 3. a lie; an exaggeration: *Bah, you don't believe that crap, do you.* [and on, through seven definitions] See Random House Dictionary. Okay?

—WFB

■ Dear Hugh:

A year or so ago—maybe two years—I wrote Bill several letters about his persistent usage of the dreadful word SOLIPSISM—and he finally gave in and wrote me he would STOP using it if I could find him a substitute —and I then wrote you asking if you could provide me with one, but you did not respond. In the meantime, Bill, faithfully, did not use the word again until about two weeks ago, and there it was, causing me sorrow again. I cannot think of a better source than you and pray that will you will send me not one, but *several* alternates, that I may again take up the matter with Bill.

Charles Wallen Jr.
Millbrae, Calif.

Dear Charles:

But Bill's point is precisely that there is NO substitute for "solipsism." If what pains you about it is simply the fact that you seldom hear it, then the fault is not in the man who grinds it against your ears, but in the millions of part-time and largely inadvertent solipsists who are so convinced the universe emanates from them that they feel no need of a word to designate such a condition. Fish, on the same principle, know nothing of water, and for aqueous terminology you should not apply to a fish. If on the other hand your ears are assaulted by its impacted sibilants (as the ears of Tennyson were aggrieved by the word "scissors"), then I can only fetch you the cold comfort that for a graceless condition the wisdom inherent in the language has afforded us a graceless word. And if, finally, your grievance is that Bill uses it too often, then I can only tax you with inconsistency, since you report that after one to two years of not hearing it from his lips you were wounded anew by a single occurrence—perhaps, I will grant, on the principle of a man who has been sensitized to penicillin. Such a man's comfort should be that others need the remedy that inflames him, and that principle I commend to you.

Hugh Kenner
Santa Barbara, Calif.

■ Sir:

Pari passu, sans culotte,
Buckley's journal bugs a lot,
'Stead of English, polyglot.

B.A., M.A., English Lit,
Stumble through whatever's writ,
No capice that foreign bit.

Fine for Dreele and for Mano,
Hegirae annum, or is it anno,
What about Americano?

Italics do Kultur evoke,
Confuse, put down us common folk,
Who'd rather call a Coque a Coke.

Sincerely,
Allan Carter, M.D.
Elgin, Arizona

Dear Doc: Nice. Thanks. Next time you order a Coke au vin, send us the check. **—WFB**

Supply & Demand

Backgammon's coming back, which means
The big Monopoly machines
Are switching to the former, since
The fall-off made the makers wince.

The men are wearing shorter hair,
So styling combs are getting square—
And, lo, the maker soon assigns
The clippers to assembly lines.

The lesson's old as Adam Smith:
To kill the cost of meat forthwith,
Make porgies permanently *chic*,
Not (sorry, girls) for just one week.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Dance of Detente

On APRIL 4, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, a defense contractor placed an advertisement in newspapers here and around the nation. The advertisement featured a picture of a police patrol car on a freeway, followed by a lot of obviously scrupulously driven cars. The text of the advertisement said:

> Notice how people obey traffic laws when there's a patrol car in sight? That's the idea behind NATO. Nothing maintains order like the presence of authority. It keeps children from snitching cookies. Adults from running red lights. And it keeps peace among nations.

The principal reason why it is necessary to "sell" NATO today is that few people today believe the Soviet Union wants to snitch Western Europe. NATO is a victim of the curious American attitude toward strategic success. Because there has been peace in Europe through a tense quarter-century, the NATO component of our policy of deterrence is considered superfluous. When it comes to deterrence, nothing fails like success.

Obviously detente means more than what Hobbes meant by peace, "the absence of war." Certainly detente involves dissolving the worst cold war tensions; it involves "negotiation" rather than "confrontation"; it involves defusing trouble spots (e.g., Berlin), and stabilizing the balance of strategic forces.

But increasingly detente seems to involve more than this. It seems to involve a kind of flaccid good will toward totalitarian regimes, easy tolerance flowing from a fallacy of false alternatives: if we are not going to war with them, we must be warm and tolerant friends. We must never be rude.

Already detente with China has involved the President applauding the Peking ballet's propaganda debasement of art, as though *The Red Detachment of Women* were a Chinese *Irene*. There are influential people now saying that detente requires that the U.S. Government refrain from using even peaceful economic leverage to force the Soviet Union to modify one of its nastiest policies.

Senator Henry Jackson (D., Wash.) wants a law to deny trade concessions to the Soviet Union and similar dictatorships at any time that they deny their citizens the right to emigrate. The Administration opposes this on the ground that it is incompatible with detente.

DETENTE was not uppermost in the mind of Mark Yampolsky on the night of March 25 when he picked up the telephone receiver in the Capitol Hill home of a Senate staff member and called the central post office building in Novosibirsk, USSR, where his wife Eleonora's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Isaak Poltinnikov, were on a hunger strike.

The Poltinnikovs had asked to emigrate to Israel. The response of the Soviet government was to cancel the pension Dr. Poltinnikov earned during thirty years in the Red Army. Dr. Poltinnikov is a retired ophthalmologist; he no longer practices his profession, and he knows no state secrets. The Soviet government's refusal to allow him and his wife to emigrate involves only orthodox totalitarian viciousness, leavened with traditional Russian antisemitism.

Last November Mark and Eleonora paid 10,000 rubles to get out. When the Soviet government told Eleonora, "your parents will never be allowed to emigrate," she flew to London to begin a hunger strike in front of the Soviet embassy. Mark telephoned this news to her parents and then began his own hunger strike in front of the Soviet embassy on 16th Street in Washington. He stood and when he got weak he sat on the steps of a building across the street.

On March 29 an exhibition of paintings from the Soviet Union opened at the National Gallery here. The next evening, following a special showing for people from Capitol Hill, Yampolsky, then in the fourth day of his hunger strike, was entertained by a procession of black limousines depositing U.S. officials at the Soviet embassy reception. The following morning the keeper of the collection, Ekaterina Furtseva, Soviet Minister of Culture, met the press.

Taking aim at Jackson, this hard, unpleasant woman demonstrated that, detente or no, the spirit of Vishinsky is alive in the Soviet government and will brook no U.S. attempt to complicate commerce with moral considerations. She was asked about Valeriy Panov, a ballet dancer who wants to emigrate to Israel. She replied: "No people like it when someone meddles in their affairs." She was asked about the persecution of Solzhenitsyn and she said that was "the same kind of question—haven't you the same problem in your country? It is true his novels are not published, but he has a fortune to live on. As a writer, he is quite gifted, and could be of great help to our people and to the world—but he does not accept our political regime because the Soviet regime deprived him of the possessions his family had."

Mrs. Furtseva's message was straightforward: "The less your public opinion interferes in our affairs, the sooner we will achieve an understanding. Let us alone."

Understanding? It is not difficult to understand the regime that sends the likes of Mrs. Furtseva on good-will missions. The regime sees no need to be subtle when putting the U.S. in its place. The regime wants U.S. grain and technology and all the subsidies and credits and other benefits we so casually distribute to promote trade. What the regime does not want from us is any lip. Letting the Soviet Union alone means an amoral policy of treating it as just another customer.

The congressmen who fell all over themselves to be photographed with Mrs. Furtseva at the National Gallery probably understand that a detente built on such amoralism involves the kind of low vision of America's duties that makes isolationism sensible. And if Senator Jackson's trade legislation is incompatible with detente, then American forces in Europe probably are, too. □

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Everyman His Own Teacher

WE ARE PRESENTLY being exhorted by our sages to "learn the lessons of Vietnam." "We *must* learn them," they warn us, so that "there will never be another Vietnam," and they generously tick the lessons off for our benefit.

Not unexpectedly, each instructor harvests from the Vietnam story the lesson he has sown. To the pacifist, Vietnam has proved that war is wrong; to the isolationist of both the old and the new models, that we should steer clear of entanglements beyond our shores; to the fiery chauvinist, that we should have finished things off in a week with a couple of well-placed H-bombs; to the computer-strategists, that we failed to understand that the cold war is over; to the New Left theoreticians, that peace can be won only by the overthrow of imperialism; to the Birchites, that U.S. policy is controlled by Them. This Vietnam lesson-drawing proves once more, it would seem, that the only thing we learn from history is that we learn nothing from history.

This Hegelian aphorism holds, certainly, for the kind of ideological discourse in which the Vietnam lessons are being sought and formulated. How could it be otherwise? The function of an ideology is to supply us with prepackaged answers to all questions, so it cannot be surprising that the conclusions an ideologist reaches invariably confirm his premises. We should no more expect that, after "a study of the facts," Tom Hayden will conclude that the Vietnam war was worth fighting than that an orthodox Catholic will conclude that abortion is sometimes justified.

If, however, we are content to suspend ideology and stick to the evidence, we can, now and then, draw some meaningful lessons from the past that might, even, be useful in the future. From the Vietnam war, for example, I assume that our military leaders, or some of them anyway, are meditating possible military and strategic conclusions from its history, quite apart from any judgments about its moral merits. It is not *quite* certain that "lasting peace" did in truth begin, as we have been assured, with the signing of the ceasefire agreement.

The following seem to me among the candidates for inclusion among this humbler sort of lesson:

1) The concept of "limited war" is ambiguous; it may refer to the objective or the means. If the objective is narrowly limited, it does not follow that only narrowly limited means may be used. The only proper means in a conflict are sufficient means. If a nation cannot or will not employ sufficient means, then it has no right to pursue the objective.

Wars Past, Present, and Future

2) In an actual combat situation, where the opponent is committed to a major objective, a strategy of incremental escalation—that is, stepping up the scale of operations gradually—doesn't work. It cancels the possibility of surprise and shock, and enables the opponent to adapt and adjust as the conflict goes along.

3) The U.S. military do not have a suitable "doctrine" (as military analysts call it) for fighting in revolutionary wars of liberation. Even in the narrowest military sense there is none. From the beginning to the end the U.S. never had a suitable apparatus for the kind of combat with which it was confronted. The apparatus was over-mechanized, over-bureaucratized, too expensive, too unwieldy, overweighted with non-combat personnel. It seems likely that the South Vietnamese army has inherited some of this obesity and sclerosis. The U.S. military, as is the wont of military staffs, seems to have drawn too much from the experience of the two recent big wars. They might better have turned further back to the earlier tradition of the colonial, Revolutionary, and Indian wars, to the cavalry raiders of the Civil War, or even to their experiences in the Greek civil war.

4) Both the French experience in Algeria and the American phases of the Vietnam war suggest that this sort of conflict cannot be fought by conscript "citizen soldiers." The difficulty with a conscript army is as much on the domestic front as in the local theater. Professionals, many of them specially trained, seemed to be required, and also outright mercenaries. The professional requirement is, in effect, now recognized, though more by default than by affirmative and reasoned decision; but the nation does not seem to want to confront the probably essential role of mercenaries.

5) When a great power is dealing with a minor power or group, the most favorable—and least costly—result comes when the initial stroke is on a relatively overwhelming scale. This is positively illustrated in recent history by the 1968 Soviet intervention in Czechoslovakia and the 1965 U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic. In both cases the initial stroke deployed a force that paralyzed opposition. The objectives were accomplished quickly, and with minor bloodshed and minor economic cost. The 1961 U.S. intervention in Cuba, the prolonged intervention in Vietnam, and the 1973 Wounded Knee campaign are confirmatory negative illustrations.

Don't Shoot without Looking

6) The U.S. failure in Vietnam strikingly emphasizes a general principle: A nation should not deliberately enter a combat situation unless it is not only able and willing to deploy a sufficient and suitable amount of force in the local theater, but also prepared to operate within the given global political context. The unwillingness of successive U.S. Presidents to use even the level of force recommended by their military staffs was based partly on "fear of how Moscow and Peking might react." But if such fear was likely to inhibit effective combat—as it apparently did—then entry into the conflict was not justified.

And one small final lesson, the least likely to be noticed or learned. 7) Communists are serious. □

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LIVING IN MAO'S CHINA

In January Senator Buckley asked why an apologist for Mao had been hired to work on a syllabus for New York schoolchildren on China. To date no one has given a satisfactory answer. Certainly Mr. Chen has not

Mr. Chen Explains "Democracy"

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

AT A RECENT SEMINAR on China, held at Columbia University under the aegis of the New York State Department of Education, a troubled lady approached the principal speaker. She was a high-school teacher, and she held in her hand a textbook from which she was currently instructing her students: *China*, by Herold J. Wiens, published by the Fideler Co. of Grand Rapids, Michigan. What worried the lady was a statement on page 65:

"The Chinese people did not elect the men who run their government and they cannot vote to put them out of office."

"I know that's not true," she complained, "but what can I do?" The speaker, Mr. Jack Chen, was sympathetic; the statement, he agreed, was patently absurd. But he was able to offer some words of comfort too. The state Department of Education is in the process of revising its syllabi and other teaching materials on China, and Mr. Chen has been hired by the Department as a consultant, at $13,200 plus expenses, to help (among other things) to bring these up to date. If he has his way, the students of New York State will soon be learning that the people of the Chinese Mainland most certainly *do* elect their rulers, and *can* remove them. For Jack Chen is the first lifelong professional apologist for Red China ever employed by a United States governmental agency to impart his special brand of wisdom to American schoolchildren.

How he got there is an interesting story, with certain lessons for our time.

During the two decades in which four American Presidents steadfastly pursued a policy of isolating Red China, it was customary for critics of that

policy to argue, with the sort of weary patience one reserves for slightly retarded children, that *diplomatic recognition* of a country does not necessarily imply *moral approval*. The truth is, of course, that when relations, even short of an exchange of ambassadors, are resumed with great fanfare after a long period of deliberate non-relations, it inevitably tends to imply exactly that; and just as soon as President Nixon embarked on his policy of detente with Red China, its admirers in the United States proceeded to prove the point, falling all over themselves to hurry off to the People's Republic and returning with rhapsodic descriptions of its wonders. On college faculties particularly, where pro-Maoists have long dominated most Asian studies, excitement was great and enthusiasm ran high. But the China bug bit plenty of others too: Chinese culture enjoyed a boom; the prospect of Chinese trade relations attracted many a businessman; and even American doctors who should have known better allowed themselves to make recklessly over-optimistic public statements about the merits of acupuncture.

Recommended by . . .

In the Center for International Programs of the state Education Department in Albany, New York, the winds of change blew just as briskly as elsewhere. Since 1964, it has been the custom of the Center to hire one or more noted foreign scholars per year —invariably either a university professor or a professional educator—to participate in seminars at New York colleges and universities and to consult on the curricula to be used, in these and in the state's high schools, on the subject of his homeland. The funds for these "foreign curriculum consultants," like most such blessings, flow in large part from the U.S. Office of Education, a division of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

When President Nixon removed the moral and political barriers that had hitherto frustrated the desire of America's liberal educators to get chummier with the People's Republic of China, it seemed obvious to the Center's officials (who would appear to be as fatuously liberal as such types usually are) that a sympathetic academic authority on that nation should become its "foreign curriculum consultant" for the academic year 1972-73. But who should it be? Invariably, hitherto, the recommenda-

Mr. Rusher is publisher of NR.

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tion had come from the lucky nation's ambassador in Washington; but since an embassy of the People's Republic is still two or three years down the road, that resource was regrettably unavailable.

Fortunately the Center knew just the man to consult. A letter was promptly dispatched to Professor Michael Oksenberg, an Asian scholar of French origins then in residence at the Center for Asian Studies in Hong Kong (and now reposing contentedly at his home base, Columbia University). Soon Albany had its answer: The perfect choice, Oksenberg declared, would be Jack Chen, who was just then giving noncredit lectures on his favorite subject, the People's Republic, at the University of Hawaii. Additional opinions were consulted, and proved uniformly favorable—small wonder, since they were solicited exclusively from a circle of prominent academicians who could be expected to be as friendly to Chen as they have always been to Chairman Mao. Those consulted were: Doak Barnett of the Brookings Institution; David Mozingo of Cornell; Thomas Bernstein of Yale; David Wilson of Columbia; and Rhoads Murphy of the University of Michigan.

In fact, there was only one rift in the lute: The U.S. Office of Education, when asked for its usual financial support, declined to pony up, apparently because it had reservations about Mr. Chen's academic qualifications. This is hardly surprising, since he doesn't have any.

Curriculum Vitae

Jack Chen was born of ethnic Chinese parents in Trinidad in 1908, the younger of two sons of Eugene V. Chen, who after the overthrow of the Manchus returned with his family to China, and, by trading on his knowledge of English (he did not even speak Chinese—documents in that language had to be translated for him), rose in 1927 to be Foreign Minister in the Kuomintang government of the day. Soon thereafter, however, the vicissitudes of Chinese politics turned the Chens into enemies of Chiang Kai-shek, who even then was becoming the chief rival of Mao and his Communists for the leadership of China. Ultimately Chen's sons—Percy and Jack—gravitated to Communist circles. Working in Britain as a journalist prior to World War II, Jack joined the British Communist Party. Moving on, after the war and Mao's conquest of the Mainland, to Moscow and then to Peking, his Party status became more ambiguous, but his identification with the Chinese Communist regime became obvious beyond all question. Even while still in England, he had been Mao's personal choice to head the London office of New China News Agency, the English-language news agency of the Chinese Communists. He had also served Stalin (with whom the Red Chinese had no quarrel at all) as editor of the London office of Tass. In Peking he was employed for years during the 1950s and 1960s by the *Peking Review*, an English-language periodical controlled, like all other Mainland publications, by the Propaganda Department of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China. He also found time to write, in English, one characteristically sycophantic full-length book: *New Earth: How the Peasants in One Chinese County Solved the Problem of Poverty* (Peking: New World Press, 1957).

In June 1971, as President Nixon's new policy toward Peking began to take shape and its broader possibilities became apparent, Chen moved his base to Hong Kong (where, incidentally, his older brother Percy, according to *Newsweek*, was already running a social club dedicated to spreading the good news about Red China among the American and European residents of the Crown Colony). By August of that year Jack's suavely pro-Communist dispatches were appearing on the Op Ed page of the *New York Times*. Smoothly he entered the U.S. academic bloodstream: Invitations were received to lecture at over a dozen American universities, and by May 1972 he was happily doing his thing at the East-West Center of the University of Hawaii. That was the summer the invitation from Albany arrived.

To talk of such a background as if it contains "academic qualifications" or their equivalent is a distortion of the truth that would make even Chou En-lai giggle. Jack Chen is, quite simply, a forty-year veteran of the Chinese Communist propaganda apparatus, who has never, by word or deed, varied an iota from the Party line as laid down by Chairman Mao. Not even the New York State Education Department, in its masterfully ambiguous press release announcing his employment, could bring itself to call him a "scholar." Instead it described him as a "journalist and artist"—the latter sobriquet apparently deriving from a series of twenty drawings he published during the 1940s plus miscellaneous cartoons he turned out during the 1960s for the *Peking Review*.

Nor does Chen even have the sort of truly intimate understanding of present-day China that might be considered the irreducible advantage of a Red Chinese apologist. He was born in Trinidad, educated there and in England, and scarcely lived in China at all, as an adult, until 1951. He is married to a Russian woman he met during his Moscow years. Even his grip on the Chinese language is feeble—though his English is British-accented, suavely articulate, and in general well suited to impressing college and other audiences in New York.

". . . Rather Ridiculous"

Despite the current efforts of the state Education Department (which is very definitely feeling the heat) to minimize Chen's activities, it is plain that he is working zealously to make the greatest possible impact during his one-year tenure. In addition to being the main speaker at lengthy university seminars at Columbia, Cornell, and Rochester, and suggesting revisions in the comments on China in the state's high-school syllabi, he has helped to prepare a half-dozen thirty-minute slide presentations on life in Mao's China for use in New York's high schools. The Curriculum Department has eagerly requested his aid, and not long ago he gave a talk to more than a score of high New York State officials, each of whose departments apparently had its own reasons for wanting to know more about Red China. Finally, Chen is scheduled to cap his year's service in the state Education Department by escorting a group of New York high-school and college teachers on a trip to Red China this summer.

Whatever else these teachers get, they will certainly get a rose-colored view of the People's Republic. For what is the message the taxpayers are paying Jack Chen to bring to the officials, the high-school and university faculties, and the schoolchildren of the State of New York? Following are verbatim excerpts from my one and three-quarter hour taped interview with this pleasant, soft-

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spoken man, in his modified Mao-jacket, on the 19th or penultimate floor of one of the high-rise office buildings that characterize Nelson Rockefeller's grandiose new Albany:

Q. In either your work in preparing curricula, or in the panels you have participated in, has the question of the refugees (or others—let's not put it too pejoratively) who have come out of Hong Kong arisen?

A. Yeah. Very often, if the subject that we're discussing concerns something about that. I will say how the educational system is organized and so on; and the people will say: "But a lot of young people who have fled from China —how do you explain that point?" I say, "Because they didn't like it."

Q. Why didn't they like it?

A. I think that the demands which society puts to them—the basic demand is that the young people should be public spirited: that they should put the community, the society, the nation first—these young people evidently feel that that's too big a demand to put on them. I think they're rather selfish, in most cases—but I don't say in all cases. I would say that it's because they have not been properly educated and brought up.

[So much for youthful refugees from the People's Republic—largely a bunch of selfish spivs. But I thought I saw a weak point.]

Q. By whom? Who has improperly educated them?

A. I think—well, in the usual way: their families, their parents, the schools and the particular community in which they're working. I think that if these three elements had done their work properly then these young people could understand why it is—at the moment and at this present time—so important for the Chinese people to sort of rally around the basic task that they face. . . .

Q. What about the older people who came out, either then or earlier?

A. Well, people come out for all sorts of reasons, you see. I remember—

Q. But they take considerable risks; I mean, some of them lose their lives, do they not?

A. Yes, but they may think that that's a lesser risk than inside. For instance, there was a case where a man came out, and he gave his own story, and you would think that he was a poor persecuted man, you see, that had been living an exemplary life but was not allowed to by the society inside China, and he had come to the outside. And one journalist actually asked him, "Well, where did you come from?" And finally he was tracked down, and that journalist went back to the place that he had really come from and found out that by no means was he exemplary. I can't remember all the details now—

Q. Do you remember who the journalist was?

A. This was Anna Louise Strong, an American journalist.

[—and also, not coincidentally, one of the two or three chief American journalistic propagandists for Red China. She died in voluntary exile in Peking in 1970.] . . .

Q. Is there any sense in which there is, in your opinion, democracy in China today?

A. Yeah, they have their own democracy. It's not like yours.

Q. Would you tell me about it briefly.

A. I'm often asked about this question, and people find it very difficult to understand because the whole set-up and the system is so different to yours. [There followed a disquisition on the alleged efforts of the Chinese Communists to enlarge the number of people capable of "exercising their democratic rights." Then:] They've had elections. They study a great deal various questions, and they've got their own popular organizations—trade unions, women's organizations, youth organizations —and these organizations are teaching them the processes of democracy.

Q. May I interrupt here and just ask: Once—however long the process —they do get taught the process of exercising their democratic rights, what democratic rights do they have to exercise?

A. Vote for their leaders.

Q. Vote for their leaders?

A. Yeah. Vote for who's going to run the country. Vote for those who are going to run their community. Vote for those who are going to run their own functional groups.

Q. How—can you tell me briefly—does the average Chinese who has been trained to exercise his democratic rights vote on who is going to run his country?

A. Well, that again was part of the process of this Cultural Revolution, where the—you see, every group today, every unit, production unit, is run by what they call a "revolutionary committee" and it's the rank and file that vote for the members of that revolutionary committee.

[At this point the discussion bogged down in a detailed and highly confused description of the voting procedures in local People's congresses, Provincial People's congresses, and the National People's congress, both before and after the Cultural Revolution. Order was more or less restored, after some minutes, as follows:]

Q. Would you repeat that statement?

A. Yeah. Voting in a democracy is not the only element in the democracy. You may vote, and it may look all very well, but you may elect the wrong man. That often happens.

Q. Well, that's one of the perils of a democracy, isn't it?

A. Well, it means that—

Q. How do you solve that problem? What's the point of it? How do they solve that problem in China? We may elect the wrong man in the United States, or in New York State too.

A. Well, if we look back at the histories of democracies, surely we haven't always elected the right man.

Q. Certainly they haven't.

A. So something happened.

Q. How do they insure that this is done in China?

A. Well, that's what they're trying to do now. I think that they felt that once they'd got the apparatus of electing and so on, that was the thing. It would be all right. But then they found that they'd elected the wrong man—this Liu Shao-ch'i—as the President. So then, what to do? Well, during the Cultural Revolution they actually tried out different kinds of elections. They tried out at one stage what they called a "Paris Commune-style" election, and they found that this didn't work. . . .

Q. Do Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese Communist Party today have a one-party dictatorship?

A. No. That's not too accurate a description of the situation, in two ways. One is, they don't speak of a dictatorship—they call China a "democratic dictatorship." . . . Furthermore they've got—there are several other parties participating in the government. . . .

Q. Which parties are they? Can you remember their names?

A. I'll give you their names. Besides the Communist Party of China: the Revolutionary Committee of the Kuomintang (I regard that as the real Kuomintang; I must make that clear. Chiang Kai-shek's group is a breakaway group that has betrayed the Kuomintang policies. This is headed by, as you may know, the widow of Sun Yat-sen, Madame Sun Ching-ling); the China Democratic League; the Democratic National Construction Association; the China Association for Promoting Democracy; the Chinese Peasants' and Workers' Democratic Party; the China Chih Kung Party; the Chiu San Party; and the Taiwan Democratic Self-Government League.

Q. Now, all of these are political parties in the People's Republic of China, participating in politics today?

A. Yes.

Q. And this is what makes it unfair

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to describe it as a "one-party dictatorship," in the way in which you described the Kuomintang as a "one-party dictatorship" in Manchuria after the war? Is that right?

A. Yes. [Pause] You have to be realistic about this: The importance of the Chinese Communist Party is of course extremely great. They are leading.

Q. Of course, but either it is or it isn't a "dictatorship." And I take it you—

A. Also it must be understood: "democratic dictatorship." I know that also causes a certain amount of—

Q. Confusion?

A. —confusion, let's say, because people think that this is a contradiction in terms.

Q. And it's not?

A. And it isn't, if you think it over.

Q. Would you explain it for me?

A. Roughly, it works out to this: that among the people there is democracy.

Q. Then where comes the dictatorship?

A. The dictatorship is exercised *by* the people against those who oppose their policies. . . .

Q. Is it stated anywhere in the curricula whether or not the People's Republic of China is in fact a democracy?

A. No, the way to explain it is that China is trying to build up a democratic system. I think that's more or less the way we're trying to put it. . . .

Q. Are you familiar with the various studies and statements of such separate American organizations as the AFL-CIO in the 1950s and of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee—I think more recently—about the number of people who were executed or died as a result of political strife in the creation of the People's Republic of China? . . .

A. No, but somebody asked me a question—I think it was one of the legislators: he asked—he did ask me: "What do you say to the charge that Mao Tse-tung killed 25 million people?"

Q. And what do you say?

A. I didn't bother to answer that question. I simply didn't bother.

Q. Why not, may I ask?

A. It seemed rather ridiculous.

Mr. Chen's Future

The holder of these stimulating views was taken aboard by the state Education Department in August 1972, to the accompaniment of a single bland press release which noted that he had "traveled extensively in the People's Republic of China in recent years." (It added that his salary would be "paid from special federal grant funds"—thus indicating that there had been a successful raid on the federal trough, and by extension on all American taxpayers, after all, despite the aforementioned churlish reservations of the U.S. Office of Education.) It was not until U.S. Senator James Buckley raised the issue, in a letter to N.Y.S. Education Commissioner Nyquist dated January 12 this year, that the appointment and its implications were called forcibly to public attention:

> . . . it would appear to me [wrote Senator Buckley] that the taxpayers' money is being used for a program that purports to be merely educational, but based on Mr. Chen's background and what experience has taught us about Communists, it is difficult to believe any program designed by him will be objective. Rather we can only assume it will constitute subtle propaganda in support of the Peking regime, one of the most brutal and tyrannical of our or any other time.

Since that letter, a number of alert and vocal state legislators—State Senators Fred Eckert and Gordon DeHond and Assemblywoman Rosemary Gunning, to name only three—have joined the growing list of protestors. Both the New York Conservative Party and New York YAF have called for the resignation of Chen—and of Education Commissioner Ewald Nyquist, for that matter.

The response of the Center for International Programs, and of Commissioner Nyquist, has been stubborn, multifaceted, and shrewdly calculated to minimize the whole affair. Shortly after Senator Buckley's letter arrived, a special panel of five Asian scholars was hurriedly designated to "review" Chen's work-product in the curriculum field. Authorities in the area of Asian studies consider the men so named to be generally "grey"—i.e., neither flatly pro-Red Chinese nor friendly to the Nationalist government on Taiwan. But presumably they will be objective enough, especially in view of the williwaw Chen's appointment has caused, to launder some of his more baldly pro-Communist contentions before they appear in the syllabi. (The lady who thought the Chinese people today elect and can remove their rulers may thus have to go on teaching otherwise, Mr. Chen to the contrary notwithstanding.) But what was the point of hiring this man in the first place, if his input is going to have to be bowdlerized by five experts before it can be used?

Chen's bureaucratic defenders in Albany stoutly maintain that the appointment of some Red Chinese sympathizer like him was essential, if the New York academic community was to learn anything at all about a nation closed to Americans for the past twenty years. This is, of course, pure balderdash. In the first place the barriers in the way of American travel to China did not apply to any number of Canadian and European scholars specializing in Asia, at least some of whom would have been happy to accept a year's appointment with the Center for International Programs, if it couldn't bear to wait the additional year until American scholars of higher objectivity than Chen returned from their own current inspection trips. In the second place, there has been and still is a constant exodus from Red China of Chinese, including gifted scholars, who can bear contemporary personal witness to what is going on there; and if it is objected (and it is) that, as refugees, they are bound to be prejudiced against Mao, it can be replied that bias on that subject, at least in the *other* direction, does not seem to bother the state Department of Education unduly. At a minimum, it could have appointed two consultants, to give contrasting views.

At the end of the line stands the stolid Scandinavian figure of Education Commissioner Nyquist, who received me warily in his paneled office in Albany. Chen's appointment will end in September and presumably, as in the case of prior foreign curriculum consultants, will not be renewed. (Not that Jack Chen is in any danger of unemployment: He will be handed down the Old Boy network of pro-Maoist Asian scholars, to propagandize at the numerous American universities where they still hold sway.) Until September, however, the Commissioner's feet are planted in concrete: Jack Chen stays.

And what about Chen's views on "democracy" in the People's Republic? Does Commissioner Nyquist really believe, with Mr. Chen, that China's citizens, today, elect their rulers and can remove them? His answer was a monument to the open-mindedness (or something) of a liberal bureaucrat:

"I just don't know, and won't speculate," declared the Education Commissioner of New York. □

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THE RIGHTWARD PRESSMAN

Of Fallen Trees and Wounded Knees

VICTOR GOLD

THE LATE Whitney Young once numbered Stokely Carmichael's following at 5,500: Five hundred blacks, said Young (or, in the racist nomenclature of that antebellum period, Negroes), trailed by five thousand news-and-cameramen. Move over, Stokely.

At Wounded Knee, South Dakota, location of the American Indian Movement's extended guerrilla theater sequel to *The Siege of the BIA* (off-Pennsylvania production, November '72), the Carmichael school of hyperbolic method acting has outdistanced itself. There may well be another roadshow performance to follow what the producers and their flacks have billed as *The Second Battle of Wounded Knee*, but the star quality is gone. It is like watching the Dead End Kids after they became the East Side Kids; a performance of *Streetcar* with Jon Voight playing the old Brando role; or a rendition of the new Brando non-accepting an Oscar with Sandra Dee standing in for Sacheen Littlefeather. The flesh is willing, but the spirit is gone. In the chant made popular by *The Siege of Lincoln Park* (off-Michigan production, August '68), the whole world may still be watching; but what's left to watch is only the final, banal exercise of an overexposed political art form.

Wounded Knee, part of the Oglala Sioux Pine Ridge reservation, is located approximately eight hundred miles northwest of Chicago, five hundred miles east-northeast of Salt Lake City, and three hundred miles north-northeast of Denver. To travel to the village from any of these mass-communications centers takes, at the very least, several hours. From CBS regional bureau studios in Chicago, for one notable example, the trip is about six hours by air and road, not including traffic snarls en route to O'Hare, and always providing connections in Minneapolis and Rapid City are just right.

Yet, on February 27, 1973, thanks to one of the most remarkable strokes of news prescience since the Mutual Security Insurance Company ran a full-page fire-protection advertisement in the morning *Tribune* of October 8, 1871, CBS Chicago correspondent Jeff Williams happened by the Wounded Knee neighborhood (presumably checking out his suburban beat); as did Diane Orr, of Salt Lake City's NBC affiliate, KUTV; as did an ABC affiliate news team; along with a score of other serendipitous representatives of national and regional news media.

To be sure, these messengers-about-to-bring-bad-news had not gathered together on the Dakota plains merely to blow smoke signals up the American viewing and reading public. They were assembled to participate in an ultra-dimensional exercise testing Boorstin's Law of Pseudo-events; an experiment designed to provide a contemporary answer to the age-old question of whether a tree falling in a forest, with no one within hearing distance, makes a sound. This query, having plagued untold generations of treetop metaphysicians, translates in the ambience of the Supermedia Age as follows:

If something is scheduled to occur, in the absence of news-and-cameramen, will it occur?

The answer being yes, we have what pre-Supermedia humanoids called an *event*, e.g., the Battle of Little Big Horn, which took place without benefit of advance notice to media clergy of the day. If no, we then have on our hands, or as the case may be, our cathodes, a *pseudo-event.*

Otherwise framed, suppose the American Indian Movement (AIM) gave a simulacrum war and nobody came? An academic question, something for Fred Friendly to take up in a special case studies seminar at the Columbia School of Journalism:

Hypothetical Case Number One: Dennis Banks and Russell Means, putative heads of an organization called AIM, representing an estimated two hundred of America's 800,000 Indians, plan an Anschluss *at the Pine Ridge Oglala Sioux reservation (Wounded Knee) during the period February 26-28. Advance word is put out to the national networks and print media, but Banks and Means are informed by their contacts that the event, being artificially contrived on the order of a phony Hollywood press stunt, couldn't be considered hard news. Of course, if somebody is shot, that's another matter. Try us again some time, Russ.*

Would the tree make a sound?

Hypothetical Case Number Two: The news media overriding misgivings outlined in Case Study Number One, the Anschluss *takes place and is initially covered. But since the admitted* raison de théâtre *of the seizure of Wounded Knee is to dramatize Indian demands, or at least those of Banks & Means, the running story becomes "a kind of trap, particularly for television"* (Time, *March 26), with AIM leaders "so enthralled by the attention they were receiving that they seemed willing to prolong the deadlock for the sake of still more publicity."*

IT WOULDN'T? Well, chop down another one.

Case Number One is indeed hypothetical, since, in the pseudo-event, TV newscasters Williams, Orr, et al., were at or near the reservation site well in advance. After all, the Banks & Means script called for AIM's Indian extras to whoop it up, waving weapons with live ammunition. Anything *could* happen, and with the national media audience assembled, something predictably did. Not an immediate shooting—that would come later—but a rousing first reel rerun of the riot-and-destruction scene B&M introduced to the *cinema verité* of minority outrage in their November BIA production (with a fresh twist this time: the holding of Wounded Knee villagers as "prisoners of war"). And

Mr. Gold, a media consultant, is writing a book about his experiences as press aide to Barry Goldwater and Vice President Agnew.

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why not? Aside from ancillary publicity benefits, that nice pre-election touch of bad acting grossed AIM an estimated $66,500 royalties, travel-home bread from the Great Green Father in Washington.

So, sticking with a winning melodramatic formula, AIM shrewdly opened its new show with another authentic Indian trashing. Dead of night (in the appropriate vernacular of a B-movie script) they struck, wrecking the village trading post while duly (and exclusively) covered by KUTV's camera. Why KUTV? Because, as that NBC station explained, its news team was doing a documentary on Dennis Banks, "the Moses-like figure of the American Indian Movement." With lines like that, KUTV deserved its exclusive.

In early straight coverage—straight in the trade meaning, i.e., coverage not labeled *opinion*—the assembled news contingent and their headline-writers back home found the "Second Battle of WK" theme irresistible, some falling easily into use of the term "insurgents" to describe the AIM troupe. Means, who emerged as the show's chief spokesman-choreographer (for the excellent reason that "Moses" Banks, not being an Oglala, was an intruder on Sioux territory), extended the conceit: On March 10, the self-fulfilling apprehension of the networks having been realized with the wounding of an FBI agent, Means, in one of his numerous CBS interviews, said AIM would "shoot to kill" any federal agents coming into his "independent, sovereign nation."

Sovereign nation? "I put the question to them: 'Are you setting up a provisional government?' " ABC Producer Bill Brown told *Time*. Not long after, following a meeting of AIM producers, "insurgency" was scrapped and Wounded Knee emerged on script as the Oglala Nation—albeit with a non-Oglala head of state.

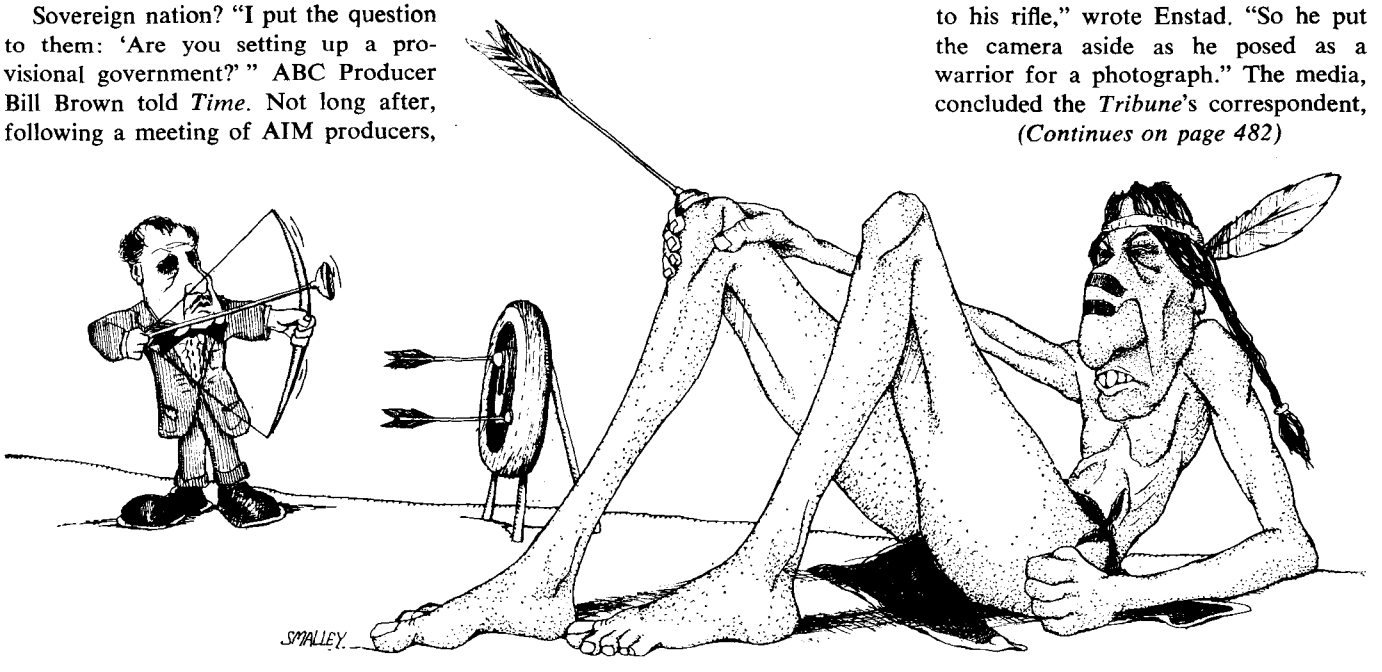
Opinion-opinion coverage followed a pattern established during the early Stokely period, with reaction from major editorial nerve centers containing a dose of what David Susskind (yes, *David Susskind*) in the aftermath of Attica denounced as "rancid liberal rhetoric." Tom Wicker, who else, wheezed in with the first Wounded Knee-Attica parallel, a parody—in the sense that each succeeding Tom Wicker column is a parody of all those gone before. His message, per rote: Those are our (*kids*) (*inmates*) (*Indians*) out there in those (*streets*) (*prison yards*) (*reservations*). Other editorialists and commentators went through the litany —the words, blur, even as the meaning . . . *outrageous, tragic . . . BUT . . . reflects depths of despair . . . trying to tell us something* . . . —yet with far less ardor than in years past.

Wicker's Op Ed commentary aside, the *New York Times*, March 2, strongly condemned AIM's resort to violence, "no matter what their grievances," and four weeks later struck to the bone with a description of the Banks-Means group as "interlopers" at Wounded Knee, "off-reservation Indians, both physically and culturally more white than native." The *Washington Evening Star-News*, March 18, while referring to "monstrous" wrongs against Indians needing redress, said that "nobody has the right to threaten life, to take up the gun in pursuing what it deems to be transcendent social or political objectives."

Indeed, the fact that the pseudo-event at Wounded Knee raised serious questions in editorial and news rooms around the country about the nature of Boorstin's Law is something in its favor. If it was AIM's intent, YAF-like, to reduce liberal shibboleth to absurdity, it has done its job well. Confessions by television newsmen that they have been "manipulated," along with such headlines as NEWS MEDIA DO POOR JOB ON WOUNDED KNEE OCCUPATION (*Birmingham News*, March 18) reflect a healthy deviation from the code of *omertà* by which members of the brotherhood traditionally abide when fellow newsmen go astray.

For example, while CBS Chicago's man-at-Wounded Knee was playing white Tonto to Russell Means's red Kemosabe, correspondents for both the *Sun-Times* and *Tribune* unloaded both barrels at the ongoing sham: Under a March 12 story bannered INDIANS PLAYING—TO CAMERAS, *S-T* columnist Tom Fitzpatrick described the contrived "arrest" at gunpoint of four frightened ranchers, who, after being paraded before the camera like captured U.S. airmen in Hanoi, were "released from custody." THEATRICS OVERWHELM THE UPRISING was the headline of another report, March 25, by the *Tribune*'s Robert Enstad. "On one occasion, a young man guarding an Indian roadblock had to be reminded that he didn't look very mean or warlike with an expensive camera dangling next to his rifle," wrote Enstad. "So he put the camera aside as he posed as a warrior for a photograph." The media, concluded the *Tribune*'s correspondent,

(Continues on page 482)



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TO EUROPE FOR $19.99

It's Fun!

JOHN KEEFAUVER

I THOUGHT that perhaps finally the airlines were getting their come-ons down to a point where I might be tempted to go somewhere. Then I saw an ad by Fun Airlines about its new plane. Made of a rubber-like compound, called Snap There, the front end took off and reached its destination before the rear end left the ground. Once the front end had safely landed, the rear end was unbolted from the origin airport and, destretching, rejoined the front end. "Snapping you there is, as always, Fun!" the ads proclaimed.

Fun would snap me to Europe and back for $19.99 so long as I went in a group of 503 and didn't get off the plane at the other end. I had to bring my own picnic lunch, and Fun promised to get me home by dinnertime.

That sounded fair. Since I didn't have anything to do one morning, I went out to the airport for a trip to Europe to fill out the day. I told the Fun counter girl, who greeted me with "Hi there, hedonist!," that I'd like to try the $19.99 special.

"It's Fun," she said with a whoop, then wanted to know what group I belonged to.

I told her I was a retired informed source.

That wasn't enough. "Are you, by chance"—she wanted to know—"between the ages of 73 and 86? Or under five feet? Or more than seven feet? Do you bowl overhand? Do you belong to the Paducah Beer Drinkers Standing Up and Falling Down Society?"

As I answered each question with a no, she kept on. And on. And on.

"Do you use an organically grown stepladder? Have you ever marketed bald wigs? Glass bras? Do you use strips of raw bacon as bookmarks?"

No.

During the second hour, when I told her I didn't even watch professional football on television on weekends, she faltered, "I'm going to take a chance on losing my job and give you a reservation."

Which she did.

"Now that you have a reservation, sir, you may join the Pawnee Indian group."

She then proceeded to Ticket&Tie me, a process by which, I learned, a Fun passenger is tied to his suitcase, thereby solving the pesky problems of losing baggage and, since the passengers sit on their suitcases, seating them. Since I didn't have a suitcase, she tied me to my lunch instead, which was OK with me since it consisted of half a dozen hard-boiled eggs and I had a soft-boiled bottom. Then, handing me my trading stamps, she bade me fond "Snap there."

WITH THAT, I boarded the Snap There, a DC-15 that used to be, I was told, five DC-3s. I was led into the Royal Grand Omnipotent section, which is cheaper than first class. Seated on my hard-boiled eggs, I was given my Fun Flight Kit. It contained 17 peanut-butter sandwiches and a you-are-here map of the plane.

I was about to ask my seatmate why he thought we had 17 peanut-butter sandwiches in the Royal Grand Omnipotent section Flight Kit when I noticed that at least part of the plane had taken off; the Pawnee in front of me, seat and all, moved ahead. First by inches, then by a foot or so. Indeed, all the Pawnees ahead were moving away—not that I could see very far in front of me. The Royal Grand Omnipotent section, being the cheapest, was in the rear of the Snap There, and I was in the very last seat. A wall, about five seats ahead, divided our sections from the more expensive seats forward. The wall was moving ahead, too.

We were beginning to stretch.

Was it Fun?

Well, it was somewhat amusing at first, although I must say that when I ordered a drink from a stewardess and she disappeared forward and didn't get back for a day and a half and then with an explanation that the plane was stretched so far that it had taken her that long to go to the bar, I wasn't too amused. I told her that at the rate we were going I wouldn't even leave the ground, much less get back to it, before dinnertime next week. She nodded glumly. "What's the trouble—really?" I asked her.

"I'm not allowed to say."

"Can I eat my 17 peanut-butter sandwiches now and save my lunch of hard-boiled eggs for dinner next week?"

"Better not. They're for an emergency."

"What the hell do you think *this* is?"

But she only laughed and disappeared again forward, behind the wall.

I didn't see the stewardess until two days later when she said to me and the rest of the Pawnees in the Royal Grand Omnipotent section: "You might as well get off the plane."

"What d'ya mean, get off the plane? I paid $19.99 to get Snapped to Europe and back by dinnertime as long as I didn't get off the plane and went with a group of at least 503, and I haven't even got off the ground yet!"

She then blurted that "The front end of Snap There has become stuck in a stack-up over Europe—a stack-up that, far from getting lower, is getting higher. You in the Royal Grand Omnipotent section can at least get off the plane. Here. You don't have to eat, unlike the Pawnees in the front sections, the 17 emergency peanut-butter sandwiches."

Which finally explained why the sandwiches were in the Fun Flight Kit. For extended stack-up eating.

"Of course," the stew glummed on, "those of you who wish to walk to Europe, or at least walk to a point over Europe, may do so through the stretched plane. There are restrooms en route at convenient points. And for the elderly or handicapped Pawnees, we will supply horses. Thank you."

And with that, she did a feeble war dance forward.

Well, I didn't have time to walk to Europe or even ride a horse there. So I ate the 17 peanut-butter sandwiches on the spot, got off the Snap There, and, during the night that it took me to get back to the city from the airport, one by one snapped my hard-boiled eggs into my mouth. They tasted pretty good. □

Mr. Keefauver is a retired informed source.

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It is very possible, says Mr. Williams, that if the Soviet Union adheres to the Uniform Copyright Convention it will be able to prevent publication of its dissidents everywhere but *in the U.S.*

Are the American Publishers of Solzhenitsyn To Be Silenced?

C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

RECENTLY the Soviet Union announced that it proposed to adhere to the "Uniform Copyright Convention," an international agreement by which the signatories recognize one another's copyrights. This adherence was presented by some newspapers as a magnificent step forward toward detente—the Soviet Union was now willing to pay royalties to foreign, even capitalist, authors on the sales of their books in the Soviet Union; some such sales have been very large.

A less enthusiastic and somewhat cynical view was expressed in other quarters; it was noted that the payment of royalties by the Soviet Union was only one side of the coin; the other was that the United States, and indeed, the other countries of the free world, would become bound to respect the copyrights of the Soviet Union. Now the best works of Soviet writers published in the free world have not been published at all in the Soviet Union; manuscripts have been smuggled out to Western publishers who have proceeded to publish without contract with the authors. *Dr. Zhivago*, *The First Circle*, *The Cancer Ward*, *August 1914*, and many others fall into this category. The Soviet Union not being a party to the Copyright Convention, neither the author nor the Soviet government has been able to stop such publication. But as in the Soviet Union the government is the owner of—or can readily acquire—the copyright to all the literary work of Soviet writers, then by reason of adherence of the Soviet Union to the Copyright Convention, the Soviet government will now, it might appear, be in a position to prevent the publication of Soviet writers' works in the United States.

WOULD OUR courts, at the instance of the Soviet government, enjoin the publication of the works of Soviet writers? Let us assume that an American publisher would be able to show that he had offered the Soviet government a favorable contract, but that the offer had been rejected.

The First Amendment provides, as we know, that: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press . . ."

Yet our copyright law provides that the publisher who infringes a copyright "shall be liable . . . to an injunction restraining such infringement . . . to pay the copyright proprietor damages . . . to deliver up on oath for destruction all the infringing copies . . ."

In the case of copyrights a special argument might be made against the application of the First Amendment in that the Constitution itself explicitly authorizes Congress:

> To promote the Progress of Science and useful Arts, by securing for limited Times to Authors and Inventors the exclusive Right to their respective Writings and Discoveries.

And it was expressly held—before, however, the Soviet Union came along—that the monopoly of publication granted by our copyright laws did not violate the Constitution.

In short, copyrights are in a class with false pretenses, securities regulations, perjury, conspiracy, libel, obscenity, etc., as areas of speech and press to which the First Amendment does not apply, or applies only to a limited extent.

Nevertheless, it is difficult to believe that our courts, "mindful," as the Federal Court of Appeals at New York recently declared itself to be, "of the preferred position which the First Amendment occupies in the pantheon of freedoms," would acquiesce in the suppression of dissident Soviet literature.

The authority of the First Amendment to provide exceptions to laws ad-

Mr. Williams is the world's best lawyer.

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mittedly valid in their ordinary application has recently been exhaustively considered and upheld by Federal Judge Charles L. Brieant Jr., in a suit against the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA) brought by the editor of this magazine and M. Stanton Evans, editor of the *Indianapolis News*. Both Messrs. Buckley and Evans are commentators on public affairs. They objected to being forced to join AFTRA and pay its dues as a condition of appearing on radio and TV. The Supreme Court had upheld the constitutionality of that clause of the National Labor Relations Act authorizing compulsory unionism, albeit not in a case involving speech. In substance, Judge Brieant held that commentators on public affairs "had First Amendment rights," that the constitutionality of a statute limiting such rights must be determined by balancing the importance of those rights against the value of compulsory unionism. He apparently was prepared to hold the National Labor Relations Act unconstitutional as applied to commentators on public affairs. Nevertheless his conclusion was that, because the legislative history of the National Labor Relations Act showed no intention on the part of Congress that the Act be used to limit speech, whereas the Federal Communications Act showed that Congress affirmatively intended to foster "the discussion of conflicting views on issues of public importance," the clause of the National Labor Relations Act authorizing compulsory unionism must be deemed not to cover commentators on public affairs such as Messrs. Buckley and Evans. Therefore they did not have to belong to AFTRA, comply with its orders, or pay its dues.

JUDGE BRIEANT limited the application of his decision to "analysts, commentators, and those whose speech on radio and television contains in substantial portion expressions of their own philosophy, conclusions, opinions, bias, and evaluation, applied in accordance with their own personal opinions and tenets and presented as such." It would not apply, he said, if Buckley, for instance, became a "mere entertainer, without any substantial opportunity to express his personal opinions, analysis and comments as such."

Judge Brieant's opinion would not, of course, be the only relevant judicial opinion should a publisher who had published the works of a Soviet writer invoke the First Amendment when sued for copyright infringement on the basis of the Soviet Union's adherence to the Uniform Copyright Convention. Yet the opinion does reflect, in my opinion, current thinking in the federal courts in an analogous situation and may suggest the point of view which a court might adopt in an infringement suit such as has been envisioned.

Certainly the intent of Congress in enacting copyright legislation and that of the Framers of the Constitution in authorizing such legislation was "to promote the progress of . . . useful Arts"—not to enable a totalitarian government to suppress such depictions of life in a totalitarian society as *The First Circle* or *The Cancer Ward*.

In such a litigation the court would not, I believe, limit its protection to comment on public affairs expressed as such. There are few passages in *The First Circle*, for instance, which purport to be comment on public affairs, but every page is, to the American reader, a vivid comment on Soviet Communism, and Communism is certainly a public affair.

"The judge said I have no redeeming social value."

WHETHER OR not the courts, in the hypothetical infringement suit, adopt the precise analysis of Judge Brieant, there is, in my opinion, little doubt that, on some formula, the courts would refuse to be a party to the suppression of dissident Soviet literature. Sometimes one becomes impatient with the Supreme Court for its use of its supposedly judicial power to enact what is in substance legislation, but there is consolation in its historic dedication to freedom of comment on public affairs.

Although the fear has been expressed that such infringement suits would "mean endless legal problems in Western courts," it is difficult to envision endless litigation on this issue in the United States.

The other countries of the free world do not have a First Amendment. Conceivably the courts there would mechanically forbid publication or become "endlessly" involved. It is not impossible that the United States would for a time at least be the sole country of the free world in which dissident Soviet literature could be published. □

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CALIFORNIA

Reagan: An Impression

CHARLES WALLEN JR.

BEING OF sound mind and body, or reputedly so, I predict that 1976 will find Ronald Reagan trudging through the snowdrifts of New Hampshire, campaigning for the Presidency.

What's more (I am still predicting), long before that, he will challenge Alan Cranston for his Senate seat in 1974. It is well known that California has two of the worst senators in the Republic; so when Reagan sends his seconds to serve notice on the incumbent, Cranston's campaign manager may as well throw in the towel then and there—his man won't have a chance.

Sacramento isn't the Paris of the West under the best of conditions, and approaching it from the appalling steppe of the Central Valley shatters the spirit. It was only when I was safely inside the Governor's suite for a press conference that I could believe that here was the command post of the California Empire, with quiet, efficient, friendly aides on every hand, and unobtrusive security guards in mufti, providing tight protection for the field marshal every moment. But Reagan is restless within these confines and loves to do battle on the field with the unfriendly state assembly, loves to carry the fight into the enemy's camp. And the great middle class, that is to say the majority of the natives, pick up their shields and follow him.

The press conference goes well. Reagan has wit and geniality and control of his temper, having learned long ago how to deal with the media. Does he intend to sign any bills today? someone asks. No. Did he sign any yesterday? Yes, very many, mostly routine—if any or all of them were lost on their way to the printers no one would really know the difference.

A touch of the old arrogance is visible, but only in deliberate and controlled circumstances. And he dresses somewhat better now—his clothes are of top quality even though they hang loosely; his necktie is knotted carelessly, and he shoots his double cuffs with complete abandon. Still, there is a casual elegance in his bearing.

He smiles, not too much, but enough, and there is a certain indefinable grace in his manner. He does not return the hostility of the hostile section of the press; he treats them with great courtesy, albeit at arm's length. Years of command have taught him how to turn a rhetorical question with glacial politeness. Once or twice the press has managed to embarrass him, but not often.

Today he said that there was no correlation between money spent and the quality of education—anywhere in the state, in any of the school districts—and he is deeply concerned about the quality of education when high schools turn out droves of students each year who cannot even read.

He said he shared President Nixon's idea that we should have more free trade. Why then, someone asked, had a certain tariff been increased 10 per cent? Because, said Reagan, sometimes you have to hit a mule over the head to get his attention; free trade doesn't work unless all countries cooperate.

A McGovern follower asked the usual question about tax loopholes. Most people would not be able to own homes unless they could deduct property taxes from their gross income, the Governor replied; is that a loophole? Are medical costs?

Yes, his administration is pledged to coastal protection, he said; but what does coastal protection have to do with a law making it impossible for a man living behind a hill a mile from the ocean to add a room to his house?

Reagan is for the reduction of state income taxes—it's fairer to reduce them now and then raise them later if necessary.

Since everyone agrees that there is not much to attract tourists to Sacramento now that the Capitol dome has been pronounced unsafe and closed to schoolchildren, why not move the capital to San Francisco or Los Angeles? Reagan's reply: We have a Mason-Dixon line in California, and attempting to move the capital again (it has already been moved twice since 1850) would revive the old two-state argument. Anyway, the taxpayers would never stand for the cost.

BUT Reagan himself, as I began by saying, may be moving to a new capital. He is ageless, obviously in splendid health, and brimming with ambition. He said at the conference that he has not made up his mind what to do in 1974, but I am sure he has made up his mind what not to do in 1974. What he will not do is retire, as he made clear at the Republican Governors' Conference last December. There, as at the press conference, he declined to discuss the 1976 presidential picture but said that he might go on the Waldorf-salad circuit to do battle against the current political and economic mythology.

Reminded that California's present senators had gained national notoriety for their dogged ineptness, he suggested that if other states would offer the services of their senators to California on a contract basis, he was sure that he could come to terms.

An ingenious proposal. And if it doesn't work out, he can always step in himself . . . The Senate would give him the perfect national platform from which to wreak havoc upon his principal enemy, the overweening Federal Government. And it could just be the springboard he would need for 1976. □

Mr. Wallen is an executive in the trucking business and a freelance writer.

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ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Children of Light

THE Children of Light, as we all know, are less clever than the Children of Darkness. This Biblical truth pertains primarily to Christians, to the Catholic Church in particular—and above all to the Vatican. This should not cause the intelligent Catholic to despair, though it may at times occasion anguish or indignation. He will do well to recall Boccaccio's story of the Jew who told a Gentile friend that he intended to become a Catholic. "Since this is a momentous step," he added, "I want to take it in the heart of Christendom, in Rome." When, some time later, he returned from a commercial errand to the Eternal City he described to his friend the decadence, the corruption, the inefficiency and the chaotic amateurism at the Papal Court. "Remember," his Christian friend said sadly, "that you once wanted to be baptized in Rome? I was afraid that your experiences there would change your mind." "But by no means! I was indeed baptized there. A Church which is so inefficient and corrupt and yet has managed to exist for 13 centuries *must* be of divine origin."

The story is a consolation, but a meager one. Just now, stern criticism is expressed in Catholic and conservative circles against the Vatican's policy in Eastern Europe (see "The Pope's Ostpolitik," *NR*, March 30)—and not only there. Careful observers had discovered symptoms of a leftward tendency in socio-economic matters in several of the Encyclicals of the past 15 years, but now there is growing evidence of Vatican efforts to establish a *modus vivendi*, or even more than that, with the Communist-dominated East. Against this there have been outcries from German Catholics, and barely muted protests from the other side of the Iron Curtain. Few suggest that the Church has changed its basic attitude toward Communism, but it is nonetheless clear that the Vatican is steering a course which creates confusion and uncertainty and, in the end, will probably not attain the desired goals.

The position of the Catholic Church is, needless to say, a very difficult and delicate one. It is its task to administer the Sacraments and to teach; it should not be tied to the state or pledged to a specific form of government. In the early nineteenth century the Church was in close, far too close, alliance with the monarchies—an alliance for which it has paid dearly. Nor should the Church engage in politics—although the temptation is great, permanent, and by no means always resisted. On the other hand, as a moral institution it must refuse to support such plainly immoral ideologies as Communism.

Italy's political *apertura a sinistra*, as well as the still-continuing leftward trend in Western Europe, has persuaded certain ecclesiastics in Rome that the time has come for a "more positive" attitude toward the ruling power in Eastern Europe. The necessity to replenish dwindling hierarchies behind the Curtain has made such a policy seem imperative. This strategy enjoyed a limited success in Yugoslavia where Tito desperately needed Catholic support in order to keep the rebellious Croats somewhat in line; he was given moral support by the Vatican which not only wanted to take advantage of a specific situation, but was also afraid that a disintegrated Yugoslavia might invite a Soviet invasion which would bring the hammer and sickle to the very gates of Italy.

IT IS highly questionable whether the *modus vivendi* (including full diplomatic representation) has fulfilled all the Vatican's expectations. Staunch Croat nationalists now despise the Vatican for what they consider its surrender, and Tito continues to try priests and monks, to stand in the way of religious education, etc.

Cardinal Mindszenty's transfer to Rome and the subsequent deal with Communist Hungary have also proved unsatisfactory for the Church. And now Cardinal Casaroli has "succeeded" in eliciting from the government of Czechoslovakia permission to nominate and consecrate four bishops. Among these is Monsignor Vrana, now Bishop of Olmutz, onetime leader of the collaborating "peace priests" during the repressive Novotny regime. Imagine the indignation of the faithful who suffered for their convictions at Monsignor Vrana's promotion.

In Poland the situation is not much better. There Cardinal Wyszynski really represents the Polish people, but Cardinal Casaroli, whose dislike for the tough and manly Wyszynski is common knowledge, has tried hard to come to terms with the Polish government over his head.

Since the signing of the Brandt Ostpolitik treaties, new diocesan borders have been drawn in Northern Germany, and there are rumors of a coming diplomatic exchange between East Germany and the Vatican which would enable Pankow to deal directly with Rome and ignore the local bishops.

Much of this strange diplomacy is due to the immense provincialism which has always characterized the Italians in their dealings with non-Mediterranean states, their amazing lack of linguistic proficiency, and their belief that foreign Communists are just like Communists in Italy, i.e., cheerful compromisers always ready for *una piccola combinazione*. Since the majority of Italian Communists consider themselves "good Catholics" and a sizable minority even goes to church and practices the faith, certain Vatican circles believe that one can also do business with Communist Parties elsewhere.

Professor Roegele, one of Germany's leading Catholic journalists, is dead right when he writes in *Die Welt* (March 10, 1973) about the catastrophic ignorance concerning the nature of the adversary and the fatal lack of technical skill in dealing with him, both prevalent in Rome: "We have to say farewell to the cherished notion that the diplomats of the Vatican are masters of their profession. The fact that they themselves are not in the least conscious of their deficiencies only increases the peril." One day, and it may not be so far off, the Communist regimes may crumble and the present Vatican policies will then boomerang in the most odious way . . . and not for the first time." □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Graymoor

From Route 9 below, it looks like the shrine of St. Howard Johnson. Institutional, rectangular, with a huge tetrapod water tower: the ultimate baptismal font. My car engine misses up the steep hill, anticlerical and unwilling. The Friars' Gift Shop yet; arrows pointing to it. I think of indulgences, relics—ten thousand sacred big toe bones of Saint Sebastian the Bullseye. Shelved here on display, crucifixes in several calibers: slim .22s, neck-bowing howitzers. A going-out-of-business sale on St. Christopher medals, six for a dollar. Plastic Jesuses with magnets on their footsoles to bless your rear-view mirror. And a regiment of black Sts. Martin de Porres, who broke the hagiarchic color line. Bayberry candles, scented soap, Trappist jellies: the hardware of every holy place from Santa's Workshop to the Baseball Museum. I am somewhat put off. Graymoor seems about as otherworldly as Colonel Sanders' Fried Chicken franchise.

But as you penetrate, get into the brushwork of Graymoor, a good peacefulness winds along crazy paths around you. I am here because of an ad in the *Daily News*, on a page whose obverse promotes *Deep Throat* and Glorified Strip Tease!! It's in free-verse form: "Are you interested/In the possibility of being more you?/Our Mountain isn't all that steep/And allows you to move out/In different directions./We're ecumenists, missionaries,/Innkeepers of a sort, too—Vocation Director, Franciscan Friars of the Atonement." The "innkeeper" tag line pleases me; also the fine gall of a monastic order recruiting like the New Army. I get out, lock the car door: and notice my keys dangling in the ignition. I kick fenders. The Lord works in strange ways, but this does seem just a bit beneath Him. I am wheel-less on the Holy Mountain: a retreatant by default. Damn Buckley has been praying for my conversion again.

The Friars serve a burly lunch; J&B on the rocks afterward. A jovial order, somewhat paunched: The innkeeping is very much in keeping. Habits, though seldom worn, are cosmetic—euphemizing bellies. I overhear, "He has to lose seventy pounds before we can admit him. We're very strict about that." Pots calling the kettle fat. Franciscans take simple vows, Brother Gardiner says, "Poverty, obedience, chastity." But the recruiting brochure redacts this to "Poverty, obedience, celibacy." An important semantic difference there. Your average rapist is probably celibate. I don't press the matter.

BROTHERS ARE mostly bearded. Some rivalry exists between orders: The glum Capuchins live just a mile south on Route 9D. "Once only the Capuchins wore beards. Then the hippies appeared. People began mistaking Capuchins for hippies. The Capuchins shaved and we started growing beards." They are with-it Christians; I'm suspicious, preferring with-Him Christians. I mention my car keys. Brother Dennis says, "Don't worry. Brother Conrad is noted for his work with a coat hanger." Several minutes later Brother Conrad brings my car keys. I admire his vocation.

The Atonement Friars have a strange provenance. They are fallen Episcopalians—that is, if it's possible to fall from zero altitude. The order was founded by an Episcopal priest, Lewis T. Wattson, in 1898. Wattson, well ahead of his time, was a fierce ecumenist. He invented the now worldwide Week of Prayer for Christian Unity. But Episcopalians then were not enthusiastic and Wattson's order was admitted, wholesale, into the Roman Catholic Church some sixty-plus years ago.

The main building is non-sectarian architecture: half out-patient ward; half pork-barrel junior high school. Corridors wider than the nave of a fair-sized parish church. Fr. Richard Brugger, the free-verse Vocation Director, shows me library, printing plant, half a dozen meeting rooms, chairs semicircled in the fossil remnant of a conference. And the Martin Luther King room, specified, along with the fire exits, by the New York State construction code. The building was once Graymoor's college, but now candidates for the order are required to have an outside undergraduate degree: Gives them a running head start toward relevance. Graymoor thrives heavily; it's comforting to see. "People have been very generous," Fr. Brugger smiles. "Let's say we're well taken care of."

And from the window, even on a dismal, low-ceilinged afternoon, you can see good works in progress. St. Christopher's Inn, a refuge and detoxification center for homeless men. New Hope Manor, a drug-addiction facility, is part of Graymoor: headed by Fr. Daniel Egan, "The Junkie Priest." The Friars (and three hundred sisters) intend to be go-betweens. Ecumenism, the legacy of Wattson, is their business. Graymoor has long been a convention and meaningful-dialogue center for all faiths. The Graymoor Ecumenical Institute—branches in Washington, Rome, London—sponsors theological conferences, retreats, lectures: Jew and Catholic, Catholic and Protestant, whatever, there are no odd couplings on the Holy Mountain.

We encounter a few elderly friars. Some have been at Graymoor four or five decades. They are habited, body and spirit: I register a galvanic, sharp reserve through handshakes. Afterward Fr. Brugger confirms my intuition. "All in all they've adjusted rather well. We were cloistered until '67. The idea of a woman at the switchboard—" Let alone visits from Betty Friedan, liberator of nunneries; let alone ecumenical conferences on the sexual revolution. I sympathize with these men, their order abruptly disordered. Probably they

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need my good wishes not at all. Married, I am ineligible for Graymoor. But Fr. Brugger grins, "Who knows—in a week, a year—things may change. Don't give up hope." No hope. I got the Call once. My wife hung up.

There are places for worship, too. I appreciate the old St. Francis Chapel, where originally Fr. Wattson and his tonsured novices, heads like eggs in egg cups, made their devotions: a lovely church, all dusky wood, thick with the ghosts of smoking thuribles. The Friars meet once in the morning; once for vespers. Fr. Brugger likes the 8:30 A.M. "executive service." I agree with him: Nothing in holy scripture indicates that earliness is next to godliness. And the 24-acre mountaintop is meant for retreat, for a transcendent closeness. Shrines that surprise you along recondite walks; a vertiginous view of the Hudson Valley. It is a superb, deep site.

The Friars' hospitality is genuine; and their cheerfulness, that rare, prime Christian virtue. But more than this: Graymoor is a litmus of Roman Catholic intentions. You can go there conveniently by car from New York City to check your religious bearings. High on their mountain the reception of new waves is excellent, loud. Staticless. □

PEOPLE

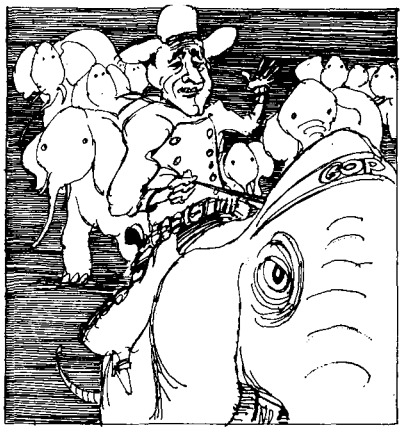
LORRAINE GAUGUIN

Duke in Durango

Even in silhouette he is unmistakable, weight on one leg, sombrero at an angle, costumed as a United States marshal of a hundred years ago. He is telling his son Michael a story about his rotten memory.

"I tried bein' like Harry Carey and callin' everybody 'Pardner' 'cause I can never remember names, but it just wasn't me," he says, lighting up a slender cigar.

There are two companies filming here in Durango, Sam Peckinpah's *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* (with James Coburn, Kris Kristofferson, and Bob Dylan) and John Wayne's *Wednesday Morning*. Three Eastern reporters have come to cover the Peckinpah picture, but today they are visiting Duke. They are wearing brand new Levis with the creases still in them. One is giving his cartoonist instructions: "Usually they have pictures of Duke towering over everybody, but I want a drawing of Coburn, Kristofferson, and Dylan towering over a little bitty Duke with beads



of sweat pouring off him, get it?" The cartoonist sniggers; Neville Brand, who plays Duke's Indian sidekick, is appalled. He mutters darkly about "McGovernites"; his voice sounds like rocks in a tin can.

One of the reporters inches up to Duke and asks, "What's wrong with the kids today, John?"

"I don't see anything the matter with them," he snaps flatly. "It's you people who make a lot out of a few bad ones. Personally, I don't think anybody should vote until they're 35 and have responsibilities. We spend a lot of time telling those kids their rights but we don't tell them about responsibilities."

Duke is getting steamed because now they are throwing all the obvious questions: "What do you think of Nixon? Have you met Kissinger? What do you think will happen in Vietnam?" He answers politely, for half an hour. They ask about TV news coverage. He explodes. "It's always the same s--- that you newspaper people do. That Sevareid and Cronkite—those bastards, they don't give anybody a chance to do anything. They have to be cute and know ahead of time what the President is doing. They should make them rerun their old newscasts, make them listen to what they said."

Duke wanders outside the large cold stone granary Warner Brothers is using for a makeshift sound stage. He sprawls comfortably in his oversized director's chair with DUKE handtooled in the leather on the back, and carefully avoids stabbing me with his silver spurs.

He hawks and coughs and spits and shouts "Macayo." An amiable dwarf comes running. His only job is to keep Duke supplied with cigars and Garci Crespo water, and sometimes a Dixie cup of manzanilla tea.

"Don't you want to know what I think of Kissinger, Nixon, and Vietnam?" he asks me. "No. I just saw you on TV in a Western made in 1933. Do you ever watch those old movies."

He laughs. "Not if I can help it. It makes me sad. I can't play those parts anymore, those young lieutenants. The kids today can see me young in those old Westerns and watch me grow old on the Late Show."

Does he watch new films? "Sure, I've got my own projection room at home. This year I haven't been able to keep up with things but I loved *The Godfather*. It was just terrific. It had such a wonderful feeling of Sicilian or Italian family life even though it had the murderous stuff in it. Marlon Brando was just great. The way he played with his grandson, Jesus, he looked like he was ninety years old. He used that light make-up over the beard to get that sallow effect. Great. But his attitude was what made it."

He tells me about the two things in life he would have liked to do—draw and sing.

"Y'know, I was the first singin' cowboy," he confides. "But there were three of us. The guy playin' the guitar, the fella singin', and me. We three were the first singin' cowboy."

I ask if he is annoyed by all the political questions. He shakes his head. "I've been in this business long enough that nothing they say matters too much. I know what those reporters are doing —they all do. They want me to say something controversial. It is kind of rough when they choose to criticize my politics rather than my pictures, like *Green Berets*. All it did was make another million dollars because they bellyached."

I try to get him to discuss Sam Peckinpah and his film about Billy the Kid, in which he's become a singing cowboy hero played by Kristofferson, but Duke won't bite. He does make a point of explaining the kind of picture he makes and why.

"I try to make pictures that are like folklore. I don't make pictures about how to build the pyramids but about human problems everybody can understand. Like this picture. It's about an

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honest hard-working U.S. marshal whose kids get a bum steer and break the law and stick up a bank. You read about such things every day. Parents and kids can identify with this man and his kids and their problem."

He goes on to say that he gets countless scripts and turns down most of them because he only makes two films a year. "One script I'm sorry I turned down was *Dirty Harry*." He shakes his head. "I made a mistake on that one."

The other reporters are standing around listening. Duke asks if any of them can play chess and one fellow says yes. Duke says "Yo're on" and they disappear inside his mobile trailer dressing-room and we overhear Duke laughing and saying of Bobby Fischer, "That young fella acting as unsportsmanlike as he could did more for chess than anybody. I bet they sold a million chess sets."

THE GAME is brief. Duke loses a knight; besides, he has to go shoot a scene. The reporter says proudly, "I beat John Wayne."

A Mexican-American couple, on their way to Mazatlan from Houston, has wandered on the set. *It really is John Wayne*. The woman cannot contain herself, breaks away from her husband, rushes over to Duke, laughing and crying at the same time: "It's really you! Can I kiss you?"

Duke grins and says, "Of course," and takes her in his arms and busses her real good. The husband roars with laughter.

Several of the reporters are upset. One says, "I can't understand why she did that. She's a Chicano—everybody knows he doesn't care about them." "That's funny," Brand growls, "he married three of them."

We sit in silence watching them finish the scene. It is after five and we are grimy, dusty, and tired; we hope they will wrap it up soon so we can get back to the Campo Mexico Court and maybe some cold Mexican beer. Then I see Duke making his way toward us, tall and lithe, the old John Wayne walk, until he is in front of me and he does a strange thing—strange at least to me who rarely sees a man stand up anymore—he tips his big sombrero and takes my hand in his ham-like fist and says, like the young cowpuncher in *'Nedth Arizona Skies* in 1933, "Be seein' ya, little lady. Been real nice talkin' with ya." □

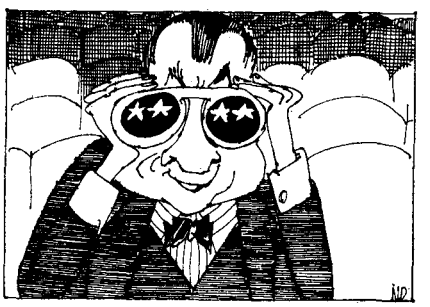
THEATER

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Irene, Attila, and We

Garry Wills once managed to write a piece about *No, No, Nanette* that wound up in an attack on J. Edgar Hoover, which is pretty good going even in the company he keeps these days, but Wills is a bushleaguer compared to the hardcore Nixon-haters. A couple of weeks ago Tricia Cox invited her father to the Washington preview of a new musical. He went, he liked it, and guessed that the show would be a hit, maybe not with New Yorkers but with the "out-of-towners" who are getting tired "of all that far-out stuff."

Shiver our timbers, Nixon likes it! In most critical circles (not Clive Barnes, to his credit) that was it. Nixon's "out-of-towners," wrote Jack Kroll of *Newsweek*, "is clearly a moral category: Attila the Hun, for example, was an out-of-towner [so, for another example, was Jesus Christ] . . . *Irene* [the show being reviewed] represents in conception and intent a barbarism older than Attila: the barbarism of naked, impudent commercialism." And how does this Attilan naked, impudent commercialism show itself? Why "from the show's very first sound —a banjo—it is shamelessly selling us everything from our father's mustache to the Sweet Little Alice-Blue Gown that is the most famous of its museum of museum keepsakes."



Julius Novick of the *Village Voice* weighs in as ponderously. "As a part of a plan to reshape America," he starts his review, "President Nixon has recently come out in favor of *Irene* and capital punishment. . . . Since the President has made it [*Irene*] a political issue [actually he said he thought out-of-towners would like it] it is impossible for me not to be prejudiced against it. . . . It is," he concludes, "the foremost, if perhaps not the first counterrevolutionary musical comedy" and he is utterly aghast at the way "in which the second-night audience—composed as far as I could tell, mostly of real paying customers—adored it. They laughed, they applauded, they had a glorious time." He backs off, takes another look, and finally solves it: "If you liked Richard Nixon [here's a put-down to 47 million Americans], you'll love *Irene*." Which is just about the way Jack Kroll handles *Irene*'s instant popularity: "You sense [*Irene*] *belongs* to somebody—yes, to those out-of-towners, those affable Attilas whose moment this is."

But on to *Irene*, in case any of you Attilas, in town and out, are interested in what this counterrevolutionary musical comedy is all about. It's 1919 and there's this spunky little Irish piano tuner who meets a rich and blue-blooded bachelor, falls in love with him and makes the jump from Ninth Avenue to Fifth, and, ultimately, from penury as Miss Irene O'Dare to affluence as the future Mrs. Donald Marshall of Westbury, Long Island. Between meeting and final proclamation of love (*"You made me love you/I didn't want to do it,/I didn't want to do it"*), there are vicissitudes and misunderstandings, as is customary, in musicals, and, as is also customary in musicals, lots of songs and dances; and, as has not been so customary in musicals lately, they are songs you can sing along with and dances you can swing along with.

Debbie Reynolds in her first Broadway show, is still the girl next door, everybody's sweetheart. She sings and dances her heart out. The voice could be a bit stronger, but the enthusiasm is infectious; she injects beat and pace and a double-dip of charm into the show. There is also a healthy measure of clowning by Patsy Kelly as Irene's good-hearted, beer-drinking, suspicious Irish mother. Sophisticated Patsy Kelly isn't; subtle Patsy Kelly isn't, but funny yes: Patsy Kelly dressed to the nines in layers of pink and blue organdy, ostrich feathers waving in her hair, refusing the posh Mrs. Marshall senior's offer of champagne ("champagne comes back on me"), or taking an incredulous look at Irene's two Ninth Avenue cronies, now transformed into fashion

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models sweeping by in gold and silver lamé sheaths ("My God, you look like a couple of lamps"). George Irving, a comic along Billy de Wolfe lines, milks the last drop of humor out of a lush role as Madame Lucy, a couturier on the make.

THE CAST is good but what makes the show is—well—the show. Harry Rigby who put together *No, No, Nanette* a couple of seasons back has lost none of his expertise. The first-rate choreography we've come to take for granted from Peter Gennaro (*Fiorello, West Side Story, The Unsinkable Molly Brown*) includes, among a half-dozen other big numbers, a joyful romp in the O'Dare music store that culminates with the entire male chorus line and Debbie Reynolds dancing in and around and finally on top of four furiously playing pianolas. Raoul Pene duBois has come up with lavish costumes, slightly camped up, and beautiful, imaginative sets that move the cast from Ninth Avenue street scenes to garden parties in Long Island, from Madame Lucy's swish fashion establishment to an arched-and-columned, lavender-and-blue ballroom.

If you're looking for a message, counterrevolutionary or other, in *Irene*, skip it; if you're looking for an evening of light-hearted fun, take it in. It's not the best show of the century, not by a long shot, but it may well be the best musical to have hit Broadway since September. (And please, before Mr. Nixon confesses to liking another show, won't someone, somewhere, introduce Mr. Kroll and his editor at *Newsweek* to the real Mr. Hun.) □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Crime's Wages

Time was when the good guys wore white hats, baddies sported mustaches and got theirs in the end; when cops merited affection and robbers paid for their crimes as surely as Tarzan always rescued Cheetah from spear-toters in the bush. It was that way on film because it was that way in the public imagination, if not in reality. No longer. Now, thanks partly to the Supreme Court, but more to a national wave of masochistic breast-beating about "society's unfortunates," to shocking and often accurate revelations of police corruption, and also to the political and societal degeneracy of our time, convicts run prisons in this state and that, Indians at Wounded Knee act like stereotypes of their savage ancestors, and half or more of the younger generation cheers lawlessness and castigates officialdom. Movies bespeak the new sensibility.

We come this time around to a dozen or so films of late 1972 and early '73, each reflective of one side of this debased coin: criminal as hero or lawman as paramilitarist. *The Getaway*, about which I commented here earlier, got away with its message—the lovely, lovable criminals for whom we wish only the very best—because of splendid performances and writing. But it worked precisely in opposition to the supposed American respect for law and order. Now in that mold: *The Thief Who Came to Dinner* (Ryan O'Neal) and his socialite girlfriend (Jacqueline Bisset) stealing from the rich (*three cheers, baby*) to uplift themselves. *Getaway* and *Thief* differ mainly in that the former glorifies killing and theft while the latter shies from violence and confines itself to the lure of loot. "Everybody cheats. In a world of thieves I wanted to be an honest thief," O'Neal declares.

The Mechanic is a technically sharp and morally dim tale of a professional killer (Charles Bronson) confronted at last by a newcomer (Jan-Michael Vincent). Pick your boy in this sadistic venture, but don't expect to find a pat, traditional "lesson" about the wages of sin. Nor in *The Family*, Bronson's Mafia-type cheapie from Italy. Yup, everybody dies in the end, but we're expected to regret that Jeff (Bronson again) has to go too; after all, he *is* a good killer and his victims aren't.

Pretty up deviation from legality, justify it by reference to a criminaloid world, transfer the audience's affection from good to attractively evil. *Slither* gives off its putrescent story of a high-school football hero become car thief (James Caan). *Save the Tiger*, the best of this lot, features Jack Lemmon and Jack Gilford as ribbon merchants up to their shears in juggling of their books. Way out? Declare bankruptcy and face an audit, or, much more neatly, commit arson on one of their dress factories to collect the insurance. Why not? *Tiger*'s acting is taut, its writing is mature, its message is unredeeming social amorality pure and simple.

In a valueless society valueless men triumph. *Payday*, starring the always compelling Rip Torn, glorifies such a man by accepting such philosophy. Talent unrewarded justifies criminality and mayhem, says the Jamaican *The Harder They Come*. Machismo-aspiration and race prejudice legitimatize retributive vileness, says *Black Caesar*. Prison's a bummer, and shapely thighs and ample bosoms are their own reward: Crawl down into the gutter with *Black Mama, White Mama*, as low as one need go this year to see the solipsistic ramifications of that ethos.

SPEND the better part of a week sampling your city's films and emerge convinced, as I have, that this mentality has driven out the earlier morally accountable sensibility not only in the unending and unspeakably dreary deluge of blaxploitation movies but in mainstream flicks as well. It's criminality rampant or—the lawman as law unto himself. This can be done well, as last year in *Dirty Harry*, such that a hundred bleeding hearts gush into print to condemn the violation of those liberties divined by the Court in our cryptic Constitution. Or, now, it can be done terribly, as in *The New Centurions*, which is, I fear to say, given the current popularity of the term, at least vaguely fascistic in intent.

Or, finally, it can be done with crude maudlinness as in *Walking Tall*, wherein the nasties are so foul and Tennessee corruption so pervasive that our clean-as-a-whistle young sheriff must, he really must, violate the criminals' civil rights, thereby avenging wrong. *Walking Tall*, sickeningly brutal and idiotically Sunday-schoolish though it be, nevertheless reminds us, sharply, of a social climate in which the proper route—honest lawmen operating scrupulously within the law—is denigrated in favor of lawlessness run wild, and in which those who would do good perceive themselves stymied by the law itself. □

Keith Mano *is investigating the Disney empire for the Hefner empire. . . .* **Lorraine Gauguin** *is a writer for* Los Angeles Magazine. . . . **David Brudnoy** *is soon off to California on a pilgrimage to the movie capital.*

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BOOKS

What an Englishman Should Be

Wellington: Pillar of State
By Elizabeth Longford
Harper & Row, 472 pp., $10

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

The second volume of Lady Longford's magnificent life of Wellington opens where the first volume closed—on the field of Waterloo.

"Boney's beat! Boney's beat!
Hurrah! hurrah! Boney's beat"

the Highlanders chanted triumphantly as they carried their wounded back into Antwerp. And gradually the news spread to a world which was holding its breath. Wellington had pulled it off; the shape of Europe was determined for the next century.

Waterloo was his last battle and his supreme achievement, but another 37 years of public life, including the prime ministership of Britain, lay ahead of him. When he died, he was given a state funeral unmatched by any other until that of Winston Churchill, which was modeled on it.

The two volumes of Lady Longford's book form, therefore, an architectural whole, rising to its dramatic peak in the middle and then sloping gently down again. Inevitably the dramas of the second half—the arguments about parliamentary reform, the Corn Laws, Catholic emancipation, and the problem of Ireland (as intractable then as now)—are less exciting than the cannonades of the Napoleonic wars: But she uses them mainly to illustrate and enlarge the character of her hero.

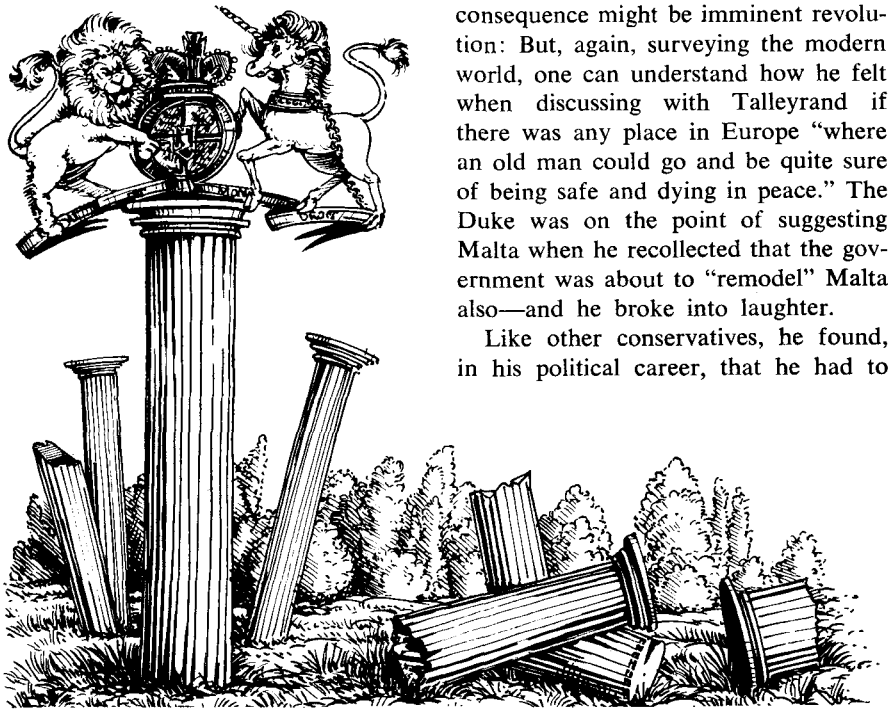
She, of course, is a Socialist and Wellington was the staunchest of conservatives. No one, he once said, "dislikes innovation and change so much as I do." But her admiration and affection for him is not in the least diminished. She understands entirely the place he had in the hearts of Englishmen. It was not unlike the position which Churchill held, though Wellington was a less flamboyant, less outgoing man than Churchill, and a much more laconic one. Like Churchill, he preferred to stand aloof from the petty squabbles of party politics, or "factions" as he called them, regarding himself simply as a servant of the Crown and of the nation. Unlike Churchill, he cared nothing for mere popularity. Whenever he was cheered outside his house, he would raise his hat ironically and point to the shutters which had been fitted over windows broken by the mob during riots about the Reform Bill.

Magnanimity he possessed in full measure. He did all he could to prevent the harsh reprisals which some of his European allies would have exacted after Waterloo. His patronage he kept honorably and wisely in reserve for those who most needed it, particularly veterans who had served with him. A very English kind of common sense was his guiding star.

He wasn't interested in conforming to "the spirit of the age." He just did what he thought was right. The British constitution struck him as working well, so he opposed any extension of the franchise. Lady Longford is mildly pained by her hero's reactionary views. But can we really say, after all, that he was wrong? Universal suffrage has intensified, disastrously, the politics of faction. And when he remarked, looking at the first reformed Parliament, "I've never seen so many bad hats in my life!," a lot of Englishmen, looking at today's Parliament, would be happy to agree.

HE WAS wrong in fearing that the consequence might be imminent revolution: But, again, surveying the modern world, one can understand how he felt when discussing with Talleyrand if there was any place in Europe "where an old man could go and be quite sure of being safe and dying in peace." The Duke was on the point of suggesting Malta when he recollected that the government was about to "remodel" Malta also—and he broke into laughter.

Like other conservatives, he found, in his political career, that he had to



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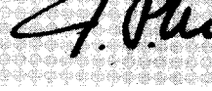

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make many tactical retreats. He disliked liberalism inside the Tory Party, but never put himself among the "Ultras," who would have died in the last ditch rather than compromise. Nevertheless, he was attacked, in very familiar terms, by the left-wing press. Familiar too are the political exigencies which compelled even him to permit a dangerous rundown of the peacetime army; an order of priorities which was to have disastrous results during the Crimean War.

He fought a duel (in which both men deliberately fired wide) for good public reasons—to demonstrate that a man in his position was not to be called a "traitor" because he had accepted a change of policy, in this case about Catholic emancipation.

After meeting him for the first time, Mr. Gladstone described the Wellingtonian style:

> The Duke of Wellington appears to speak little and never for speaking's sake, but only to convey an idea commonly worth conveying. He receives remarks made to him very frequently with no more than a 'Ha!,' a convenient suspensive expression, which acknowledges the arrival of the observation and no more.

The Duke, as he said himself when considering how he would get on with the young Queen Victoria, lacked small talk, but he had a very caustic wit and he was punctilious about answering all letters, even those from cranks. He liked the company of pretty women, and he was especially good with children.

Perhaps surprisingly, he was a very bad shot, as likely to pepper his companions as a pheasant. "Birdshot never hurt anyone," he observed. But when Lady Shelley (whom he regarded as "rather a goose") told a wounded cottager, "This ought to be the proudest moment of your life. You have the distinction of being shot by the great Duke of Wellington," he sensibly mollified his victim's feelings with a gold sovereign.

Having, in a weak moment, consented to commission a picture of Waterloo for the generous sum of £1,260, he paid the artist, not with a check, but in cash, because, he explained gruffly, he didn't want the bank clerks to know what a fool he had been.

He hated fuss, never cooperated with people who wanted to write about him, and noted in the margins of contemporary accounts of his battles only the words "True" and "False"; or even merely the letters "L" and "DL," standing for "Lie" and "Damned Lie." " I like to walk alone," he said.

He and Napoleon conceded each other's genius. During the voyage to St. Helena, Napoleon admitted that the Duke had everything he had, with prudence added. And when Wellington was asked whom he considered the greatest general of the age, he replied: "In this age, in past ages, in *any* age, Napoleon."

They were worthy antagonists. But it would be quite wrong to see the second half of Wellington's life as an anticlimax. In his devotion to duty and with much sensible work, but above all simply by being himself, he gave his country—and the world—a quite new conception of what an Englishman should be. By any standards, he was a truly great man: And, because she conveys this impression so well, so sympathetically, and with such entertaining artistry, Lady Longford has given us one of the most satisfying historical biographies to have been published in recent years. □

American Enterprise: Free and Not So Free
By Clarence Cramer
Little, Brown, 728 pp., $17.50

TARIFFS AND TYCOONS

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

The subtitle of this enormous book is "a history of the rise of the American business community and its entrepreneurs from colonial times to the present." If the book could live up to that advance billing, we would have something worth our while. Instead, Professor Cramer has constructed a strangely selective chronicle. For the careful reader he drops in all manner of juicy details, but his emphasis and interpretation are at times shockingly off, and nowhere does he give a summary of his own conclusions. The subtitle implies a "rise" of business, but the book seems to say that business has actually fallen from its former state of freedom into a morass of subsidies and governmental interventions. As to details:

Bet you didn't know that piracy in the eighteenth century played a significant role in maintaining a reasonable balance of trade for the Northern colonies; surely I didn't know that pirates not only fitted out in Boston, Newport, New York, and Philadelphia, but were backed by reputable merchants who invested openly by buying shares in the ventures. Bet you didn't know that the largest manufacturing industry in the pre-revolutionary American colonies was distilling; that, on the eve of the Revolution, more than 600,000 gallons of rum were shipped abroad annually; that as late as 1807 there were forty rum distilleries in Boston alone. It comes as a surprise that the emigration of Loyalists during the Revolution was, proportionally, almost five times as high as the emigration of aristocrats during the French Revolution: In France 5 persons per thousand headed for the border, in America 24 per thousand. It is wonderful to learn that when Nathaniel Bowditch died in 1838 the ships of all nations in ports throughout the world flew their flags at half-mast. Bet you didn't know that Hitler's finance minister, Hjalmar Schacht, sported an American middle name—his full name was Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht.

Among the virtues of the book I should mention the dozens of short biographical sketches of American entrepreneurs, investors, engineers, and scoundrels. For once, the incomparable James Buchanan Eads gets star billing. The good professor, also to his credit, admits that Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s thesis about Andrew Jackson is simply wrong. On many controversial points in American economic history he gives a carefully balanced presentation of the main contending theories. Quite possibly there is no scholar in the country who could wade through the book and feel completely unbruised. The most valuable section is Cramer's chapter on the "economic" interpretation of the American Revolution; here he successfully corrects the emphasis of Beard's thesis. There are chapters on the development of our money system, the fall of the merchant marine, slave labor, free labor, governmental regulation of industrial combinations, transportation, subsidies, land use.

But the flaws, major and minor, outweigh the virtues. Although Cramer

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RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Hunter S. Thompson's New Journalism *Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail '72* reports on Eagleton's pill-popping (Straight Arrow, $6.95). . . . Spacious, *Cole*-like treatment by Robert Kimball and William Bolcom for *Reminiscing with Sissle and Blake*. They're 87-year-old Noble Sissle, lyricist and former bandleader, and 90-year-old Eubie Blake, composer and ragtime pianist (Viking, $14.95). . . . Ex-Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick calls his memoir *Games, Asterisks, and People* (Crown, $6.95).

■ MAY BOOKS: Richard O'Connor etches the railroad barons in *Iron Wheels and Broken Men* (Putnam, $8.95). . . . From the same house comes the autobiography of radical iconoclast Warren Hinckle, *If You Have a Lemon, Make Lemonade* ($6.95). . . . *Washington Post* reporter Chalmers M. Roberts reviews the past two decades in *First Rough Draft* (Praeger, $8.95). . . . Leftist-in-exile Cedric Belfrage evens some old scores in *The American Inquisition 1945-1960* (Bobbs-Merrill, $8.95). . . . *The Clockwork Condition* by Anthony Burgess is ruminative and autobiographical (Knopf, $6.95; paper, $2.45). . . . For the same house, a batch of John Cheever short stories, *The World of Apples* ($5.95). . . . *H. G. Wells* is a bio by Norman and Jeanne MacKenzie (Simon & Schuster, $12.50). . . . Two cop books from Viking: *Serpico* by Peter Maas ($8.95) and *Rizzo* by Fred Hamilton ($8.95). . . . W. A. Visser 't Hooft, first head of the World Council of Churches, pens his *Memoirs* (Westminster, $15). . . . *Witness to History 1929-1969* is a memoir by Charles E. Bohlen (Norton, $12.50).

You know what to expect from Richard Goodwin's *The American Condition* (Doubleday, $9.95). . . . *Himself* is an anthology by W. C. Fields, put together by grandson Ronald and illustrated (Prentice-Hall, $7.95). . . . For the same house, Sen. Frank Moss takes off after *The Manipulators* on Mad Ave ($6.95). . . . *Time*'s Stefan Kanfer issues *A Journal of the Plague Years*. It's about show biz and, yes, McCarthyism (Atheneum, $7.95).

■ BESTSELLERS: One durable complaint about the major lists is that they ignore whole categories of top sellers: e.g., Bibles, cookbooks, some religious books, how-to books, and such. Two cases in point from evangelical Protestant publisher Zondervan, both by Hal Lindsey: *Satan Is Alive and Well on Planet Earth* ($4.95; paper, $2.25) and *The Late Great Planet Earth* ($3.95; paper, $1.25). *Satan*, published in January, had sold over 500,000 copies by mid-March. *Planet*, two years old, has passed the 2.5-million mark. Though most sales are from the paperback editions, a 1-million sale is a paperback bestseller. Yet how many bestseller-list buffs have ever heard of Hal Lindsey?

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gives a vigorous criticism of the failure of maritime subsidies to achieve their goal, although he sees some connection between the "chaos" in transportation and the long-established habit of governmental regulation of transportation; although he passionately denounces the theory and practice of tariffs, nevertheless he cannot bring himself to the generalized statement that all government interruption of free-market processes is counterproductive. Again, in discussing the great crash of 1929 and the aftermath, he says that the failure of free-enterprise institutions in 1929 opened the door for interventionist politics in the 1930s; whereas he has been at pains to point out all sorts of interventions, subsidies, and regulatory procedures in the decades preceding 1929. The system that crumbled in 1929 was hardly an unalloyed free-market system, and one of the greatest causes of the crash was a government operation, the Federal Reserve Board's mismanagement of the money supply. Cramer makes no mention of this.

Indeed the intellectual locus of the book is peculiarly removed from some of the main lines of scholarly work. In discussing the Great Depression, Cramer manages to ignore Murray Rothbard's magnificent history of that episode. In discussing the development of our monetary system, he feels no need to mention Friedman's and Schwartz's *Monetary History of the United States*, which is where it's at. In describing the presumed achievements of the Securities and Exchange Commission in "protecting" the individual investor, he ignores the statistical work of George Stigler, which shows rather obviously that the SEC hasn't done anything of the sort.

CRAMER ENJOYS telling about Representative S. S. Cox, who introduced a resolution in the House to ban "free sunshine" on the grounds that the sun was a foreigner engaged in unfair competition with the coal-producing regions of Pennsylvania; but one would think the good professor would give credit where it is due, and mention the sacred name of Frédéric Bastiat, who published the "humble petition of the candlemakers" twenty years before Mr. Cox stood up to regale the honorable members of the House. He discusses the changes that occurred when businesses stopped being run by craftsmen and entrepreneurs and began to be controlled by mere functionaries. He even describes this as a "managerial revolution" and leans heavily on authors such as Berle—but one would think he would mention the book entitled *The Managerial Revolution*, published thirty years ago by James Burnham. After a while, one gets the suspicion that Professor Cramer is trying to pretend that certain people don't exist.

ON THE question of whether slavery was a viable institution, Cramer ignores the statistical findings of Douglass North (*Growth and Welfare in the American Past*). In quoting Rockefeller's "God gave me my money," he fails to mention that Rockefeller was simply expressing an ancient theological point (all wealth is the result of the Lord's creation), and was finding a graceful way to express the second part of the quotation, that therefore it was proper to devote the wealth to the Lord's work (Rockefeller made the statement in connection with a tremendous donation to a Christian college).

If you already have a good collection of American economic history, and if you have a well-based understanding of that history, you can safely read this book and provide your own correctives as you go along. But the book is so uneven, varying as it does between moods of judicious balance and moods of outright propaganda and downright smear, that it cannot be generally recommended. □

Anthony Lejeune *is a British columnist.* . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** *is editor of the* Rickenbacker Report. . . . **Alexander Theroux** *teaches at Longwood College in Virginia.* . . . **Aram Bakshian Jr.** *is on the White House staff.* . . . **Gerhart Niemeyer** *teaches at Notre Dame.*

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FICTION

The Bird of Night
By Susan Hill
Saturday Review, 186 pp., $5.95

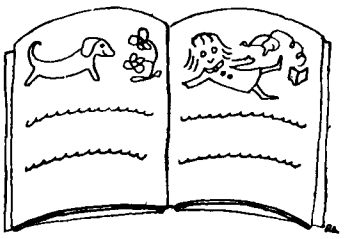
A TALE OF MADNESS

ALEXANDER THEROUX

The "greatest poet of his age," as envisioned by Susan Hill in her novel *The Bird of Night*, is an owlish, manic-depressive Scot named Francis Croft, *aet.* 33, who courts death imprisoned in the land of catatonia, an insanitarium of self where his nerve ends, *always* exposed, show themselves each to be more sensitive than a rice-weevil's feeler. This isn't really a novel. It's a nervous breakdown. It's a confession. Croft as a real character is totally unrealized, but, rather, thesis-wise, he's shot to us right away in an indescribable shrillness and stays that way: a casebook barmy whose eccentric and perverse behavior stands as the single sine qua non of a genius in him we see nowhere else, certainly not in the snippets, of which we're treated to samples, of his masterpiece, *Janus*. We just see Croft suffer, screech.

In a kind of reverse of James's "The Aspern Papers," Croft is protected from the world—which, true to type, of course, rudely seeks to burgle his letters, his diary, his soul—by a "guardian angel" figure, 34-year-old Harvey Lawson, scholar and Egyptologist, who has more patience than St. Monica and who, inexplicably (but I'll accept love), assumes the role of wet nurse to the mad, suicidal poet, chronicling their mutual voyage to the end of night, which goes from Dorset, to Venice, to California, to a final bird sanctuary, as it were, called Schloss Vogel in Germany. Everywhere is death, of which the owl—perhaps I should have mentioned this sooner?—is an augur.

Actually, Lawson, we find, chronicles only ten of the twenty years they spend together, casually mentioning four pages from the end of his memoir (about 10 per cent of which is, literally, Croft's own diary) that he has omitted ten years from the tale and that, ho-hum, life went on that way pretty much the same—attempted murders, projected suicides, chronic remorse, aborted strangulations, and all of this, one assumes, without surcease of Croft's recorded hates and fears which include bats, landladies, photographs, "thundering" poems, bells, doctors, sun, night, and decaying Venetian houses. Croft, naturally, kills himself—with some pruning shears Lawson forgot to tuck away; no one expected otherwise. I guessed it, frankly, long before latecomer Lawson told us how Croft started looking up the word "hemlock" in his botany, and treasuring Marco-aurelian proverbs on death, and identifying with unattractive Gilly-white owls. How did I guess? Well, since the sun in England is not a constant, I guess I just banked on the inevitability of landladies. In any case, Lawson paternalistically burns Croft's every letter, every paper, and the poetic marriage ends with the memory of Lawson, a Shelley to Adonais, mourning: "I weep not for Francis but for myself, for the loss of him."



Susan Hill has both a keen poetic talent, native, I think, but undisciplined, and an uncanny insight into the deranged mind; much of her writing is original and beautiful and tender. Irksome is her tendency to constantly speak in metaphors, a self-indulgence that, because it prevents a forward movement in the novel, perhaps forces her to nip off ten years from the life of owl-haunted Croft which *can't* have been irrelevant. Over this novel, I'm afraid, I still opt for *The Diary of Nijinsky*. □

The Kennedy Neurosis
By Nancy Gager Clinch
Grosset & Dunlap, 433 pp., $10

SMEARED INKBLOTS

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

If anything could ever make me like the Kennedys, it would have to be a book like *The Kennedy Neurosis*. Were it not for her liberal use of psychological jargon and the subtitle "a psychological portrait of an American dynasty," Ms. Clinch's new book on the offending tribe would be little more than another catty, unpleasant examination of a rather unlovely group of people. However, after clipping, filing, and deploying all of the fact, gossip, and opinion available from secondary sources, Ms. Clinch has invoked the name of a new science: Psychohistory. She would have us take this pile of unselective biographical detail—nearly all from previously published sources—as a serious work.

For conservatives overjoyed at seeing the Kennedy bubble burst after all those years of Camelot worship, the temptation to applaud is great. But should any responsible person encourage this particularly distasteful offshoot of the new journalism that pretends to science and attempts to explain politics, diplomacy, and Lord knows what else on the basis of the emotional quirks of the participants? I think not. Even more strongly, I think that once the trend toward psychohistory steps up, our side is going to bear the brunt of it far more than the Left—and far more savagely.

Still, it is instructive to glance at a few of Ms. Clinch's observations, if only as a preview of the sort of thing we can expect to find in future books on President Nixon, Ronald Reagan, and the like. The Kennedy sons all liked cigars, which should have tipped us off from the start since they are "the Freudian symbol of potency and power." The Berlin "crisis" was a "confrontation basically created by Kennedy and his equally fixated coterie of dangerously obsessed—and, one must add, equally neurotic—advisers." Studying the poor Kennedys, "we can find reflections of our own search for identity and confirmation, and help change both ourselves and our nation toward maturity and health rather than neurosis." The book drips with this sort of fraudulent, sanctimonious twaddle.

Psychology aside, it is also a politically dubious document. Moss-covered far leftists like I. F. Stone are trotted out again and again as authorities on the cold war. Ms. Clinch contributes her own share too, as in this little gem on Latin America:

> Prior to Castro, the United States for years supported Batista's bloody regime in Cuba (and continues to support other bloody-minded Latin American dictatorships).

Batista was no bargain, but the "bloodiness" and repression of his regime pale when compared to Fidel's, as

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do those of most juntas and old-style *El Supremo* rulers in the land of bananas. Ms. Clinch goes on to cite Herbert L. Matthews ("the knowledgeable *New York Times* editor") as an authority on Cuba. Matthews, it will be remembered, was one of Castro's earliest and most ardent pr men in the press, and an old Loyalist sympathizer from Spanish Civil War days.

Thus Ms. Clinch manages to match the low quality of her psychohistory with that of her political analysis. The book does have a few insights into the character of the Kennedys, especially the way in which a hard, vengeance-obsessed father dominated his sons in a fashion reminiscent of Hamilcar Barca. But that is about it. Beyond those few flashes of conventional biographical insight, *The Kennedy Neurosis* is bad writing, bad politics, bad psychology, and bad taste. I expect it to sell like hotcakes. □

Peace in the Balance. The Future of U.S. Foreign Policy
By Eugene V. Rostow
Simon & Schuster, 352 pp., $8.95

GOOD MAN, WRONG PREMISE

GERHART NIEMEYER

The Rostow brothers, in the Johnson Administration, played a role comparable to that of the Bundy brothers under Kennedy. Walt Rostow in the White House and Eugene Rostow in the State Department held key positions in shaping this country's policy, particularly regarding Vietnam.

This book might have been a major source of inside information on moments of crucial decision. Alas, it is not. Rather, the bulk of its pages are devoted to an intellectual's debate with other intellectuals: Carl Oglesby, Noam Chomsky, William Fulbright, Kenneth Galbraith, Hans Morgenthau, and several others. These pages resemble a good brief. The opponent's arguments are fully represented and then effectively refuted, exposing their underlying biases, fallacies, or confusions. Personally, I have no quarrel with an ongoing "great debate" but find it curious that this would be the main content of a book dedicated to Eyre Crowe and Robert Vansittart, two great British statesmen who succeeded chiefly through their unerring instinct for political imponderables and great gift for intuitive judgment on courses of action.

In his long interview with Walter Cronkite, the late President Johnson remarked that no mistaken policy of an American President could be traced to faulty or malign motives. "If anything went wrong, I must have been lacking in sense." Professor Rostow seems to agree: "The mistakes that were made during the Johnson Administration were mistakes of judgment."

This book confirms a suspicion I have had for some time, that "lack of sense" or "mistakes of judgment" among American leaders do not come from personal weaknesses. One would hardly expect that among leaders chosen by the American people, who have consistently selected business and labor leaders and party politicians of sane judgment. Rather, "mistakes of judgment" in foreign policy conceived in Washington are likely to have ideological sources.

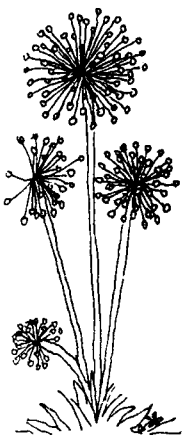
The last sixty pages of Professor Rostow's book contain his conclusions and recommendations. Among them, the highest rank is held by his assumption that peace among nations is a problem "like that of peace within a free society," that the "world community is a human society like any other." While he considers the national interest "the only acceptable guide to foreign policy," he agrees with Senator Fulbright (whom he had previously found hopelessly confused) that the interest of the United States reposes in a "world of wide horizons, organized under the Charter of the United Nations."

The climax of the book comes where, after listing a number of steps toward peace, he concludes: "What is required for success in this effort is not trivial, after all; it is nothing less than acceptance of the Charter, and therefore abandonment of the idea of international support for revolution." What does this mean? Another San Francisco conference, another round of solemn pledges, high-sounding speeches, perfectionist resolutions, and policies based on hopes for that which has no reality?

If one wonders how a man so blind to realities could have held such an exalted position in the State Department, one must look at the parts of this book that are icily realistic.

The notion that the cold war is over is to him "absurd." He coolly lays the Middle East war of 1967 at the door of the Soviets who, by the admission of one of their diplomats, had set a trap for a "worse than Vietnam" involvement of the United States and failed miserably because they had "underestimated Israel and overestimated Egypt." He soberly refutes the myth that the Soviet request for a postwar reconstruction loan in 1944 had been refused by the United States and that this refusal had been the opening gun of the cold war. Rather, he points to our failure, in 1945, to insist on the fulfillment of the Yalta and Potsdam agreements as the root of our later troubles.

All this is very able, clear, concise, intelligent. It reflects the skills of an excellent bureaucrat, the gift for summaries, the acumen for marshaling arguments. But the lack of judgment is evident, and must, in my view, be attributed to that blind spot which Professor Rostow reveals when he posits "the existence of a universal world society, and the necessity of action addressed to consolidating and confirming it as a single polity." That is an illusion foreign to Eyre Crowe and Robert Vansittart. It is a peculiarly American illusion, found in its most virulent form in the minds shaped by academic courses in abstract and wishful idealism.



Thus the book is very mixed fare. Professor Rostow's polemic against the intellectual critics of Vietnam certainly should be required reading in American colleges. His survey of the Middle East is a masterpiece of clarity and economy. His detailed report on Soviet-American relations in the closing years of World War II is badly needed. On the other hand, one would fervently hope that no American statesmen will accept Professor Rostow's fundamental premise, which makes him appear a dreamer rather than a master craftsman of political order. □

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

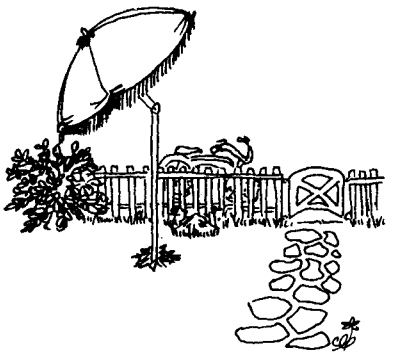
WINSTON CHURCHILL'S TOYSHOP: *The Invention and Making of England's Secret Weapons, by Stuart Macrae (Walker, 228 pp., $6.95).* Very often great men are also great gadgeteers (although with, say, Aquinas, the gadgets were purely mental). Churchill was an outstanding example. His memory scarred by the dull-witted slaughter in WW I's trenches (he was himself largely responsible for that war's only great innovation, the tank), he gave free rein to his imagination in the Second War, collecting a group of inventive men who not only made realities of his own fancies, but also came up with a bewildering array of original weapons themselves. Anyone who enjoys either military history or problem-solving will like this book. The author was one of the top men in the whole operation, and obviously loved his job (and Churchill). The work was dangerous but fun: Candy balls and Alka Seltzer proved "just the right thing" for triggering devices in lethal weaponry, some very bright ideas became disasters, but an ingenious time was usually had by all, quite often by making fools of the British military bureaucracy.

J. P. MCFADDEN

CHESS BOOKS. *Fischer vs. Spassky, World Chess Championship Match 1972,* by Svetozar Gligoric (Simon & Schuster, 127 pp., $5.95; paperback, $1.95) and *Fischer/Spassky: The New York Times Report on the Chess Match of the Century,* by Richard Roberts with Harold C. Schonberg, Al Horowitz, and Samuel Reshevsky (Bantam, 218 pp., $1.95) both surpass mere records of the games. The *Times* book is directed toward the novice or even the reader who does not know the moves but is interested in the story. Gligoric goes into greater depth on the games themselves, though he by no means slights the story and psychology of the match. *The World Chess Championship,* by S. Gligoric and R. G. Wade (Harper, 191 pp., $7.95) does not cover the Fischer-Spassky match at all but gives the history and the games of the world championships from 1948 to 1969. *Spassky's 100 Best Games,* by Bernard Cafferty (Macmillan, 255 pp., $7.50) is likewise pre-Reykjavik, but Leonard Borden's Foreword, recounting Spassky's up-and-down career from 1949 onward, sheds some light on Spassky's faltering performance against Fischer.

EUGENE MEYER

THE STORY OF DAN LYONS, S.J., *by John D. McCallum (Guild Books, 443 pp., $7.95).* That Father Dan Lyons is a magnificent human being becomes clear in the first part of this biography. In the second section the priest-journalist emerges as an indefatigable, globe-circling leader armed with eyewitness knowledge about international personalities and events. His reports and judgments, although occasionally oversimplified, are more concise, colorful, and responsible than those of numerous critics of U.S. policy. Fortunately for the family of nations, Father Dan inspires boundless trust among Jewish and Christian benefactors. The latter, including Frank Malina, Mrs. Roberts Blount, and Patrick J. Frawley, "passed the ammunition," money enough to enable a modern Paul to finance charitable and educational projects at home and abroad. Every *centavo* invested in good causes produced considerable impact on public opinion



from Melbourne to Djakarta to Damascus. An index to the Lyons influence may be gleaned from the notices he has drawn in *Pravda, Izvestia,* and the *Daily World.* For those familiar with Marxist psychology "the rage of Tass" suggests how vulnerable the men in the Kremlin feel themselves to be. Noteworthy, too, is the fact that, as early as 1966, Richard M. Nixon listened with respect to "Father Owl" when this loyal son of Loyola advised the future President to "mine the harbor of Haiphong." Action followed in 1972, when the subject of this biography praised the port closing as "the first decisive action in ten years," apt to end the war. In a revelatory chapter, "Behind the Iron Curtain 1972," the roving correspondent, accompanied by a colleague, Father Cletus Healy, got a first-hand glimpse of the Soviet empire. En route to Moscow, they found that in Czechoslovakia "300,000 members of the Communist Party have been purged, . . . 40 per cent of the writers have been forced out of their profession," while "fifty thousand union members were liquidated." In Moscow itself, a clue to freedom is supplied by the two Jesuits: "Father Joseph Richards, an Assumptionist, . . . has a nice but tiny chapel in his apartment, where about thirty persons attend Mass on Saturday night. . . . He offers three Masses in the cafeteria of the American embassy on Sundays, attended by worshipers from various legations." In such wise are the 1933 treaty provisions fulfilled. Excellent photographs illuminate the text.

J. F. THORNING

THE COMING CLASH: *The Impact of Multinational Corporations on National States, by Hugh Stephenson (Saturday Review, 186 pp., $7.95).* In the last couple of years we have had to deal with a flood of books on international corporate life, all of them deploring this strong new trend. The deploration arises from the correct observation that these corporations are forever trying to escape from the heavy hand of governmental control. They are "agents" of an "economic system" that exists "outside" the "traditional sixteenth-century concept" of the "national state." And if you happen to think it's the function of national governments to produce soap, attach bumpers to Chevies, drill for oil, and hustle chocolate bars, then you will deplore this. Thus Mr. Stephenson, taken by and large. On the other hand Mr. Stephenson deplores the tendency of a company like IBM to start up new subsidiaries in each new country where its sales get to a certain level, because this "internalizes" the manufacture and reduces the statistical measurements of international trade. IBM does this, says Stephenson, in order to *cooperate* with national governments and maintain good relations. Is there a contradiction here? Is there a contradiction in the notion of government control of enterprise? Is the sky blue?

W. F. RICKENBACKER

JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO NOWHERE, *by Charles Fenn (Norton, 194 pp., $5.95).* Charles Fenn, a sixty-year-old British writer, set out from Ceylon for a weekend boat trip to the Maldive Islands. The voyage turned to horror after his friend drowned in a storm. Marooned on a remote Indian Ocean atoll, Fenn wrote to pass the time. Staying there for four months, planning his return, Fenn became a regular Robinson Crusoe. There are echoes, too, of other writers. Occasionally, Fenn comes close to a perfect description of nature—such as one finds in Thoreau's *Walden.* At other times, when discussing terror and fear—such as the nausea produced by eating raw fish—one hears the tones of Rimbaud's "*Le Bateau Ivre.*" Sandwiched in between the narrative passages are long sections of "philosophizing." The man has an opinion about everything: art, time, sex, God, age, Americans, et cetera. For the most part, with the notable exception of a brilliant contrast between the practical Shaw and the artistic Proust, the opinions bored this reader. Nevertheless, Charles Fenn is a man Odysseus would have liked to talk with. They have much in common. While enduring terrible hardships, they displayed great ingenuity and returned home safely.

J. MCKERNAN

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GOLD

(Continued from page 465)

had given the outside world a distorted picture of the self-dramatizing antics of "two hundred vagrants at Wounded Knee."

Similar charges came from the area's two legally elected representatives, Congressman James Abdnor (R., S.D.) and Oglala Tribal Council President Dick Wilson, whose ouster has been AIM's primary non-negotiable demand. Abdnor, in a news conference, March 13, and in a House floor speech, March 14, vainly tried to attract media attention to the spotty background of AIM's membership. But, as has been the case since Stokely's day, an establishment spokesman commenting on coverage of an antiestablishment scene generally suffers the free American media's version of the controlled Soviet press's quaint custom of conferring nonpersonage on those they don't care to see or hear. Abdnor would have done better to appear before the House in warpaint, feathers, or a Seventh Cavalry uniform; though even those *schtiks* might not have gained him equal time against the pr pros at Wounded Knee who, given a dull day, could always count on a publicity hype from some member of the usual gang of protest pilgrims, e.g., Kunstler, Abernathy, Davis, Fonda, Brando, the National Council of Churches.

As for Dick Wilson, his problem from the beginning was that the only claim he has to speak on behalf of the Oglala Sioux at Wounded Knee rests on the slender reed of having been elected by the reservation's permanent inhabitants. In his case, the media simply took a cue from Federal Government officials who, as the weeks of phony Indian war dragged on, undercut the authority and prestige of genuine Oglala leaders by treating them as nonleaders.

In bypassing Wilson and the Council, negotiators from Washington were, of course, simply bolstering the B&M faction's prestige. But that, as previously noted, was not the first concession ever made by federal authorities who, for all their bluster of court proceedings and road blockades, have gone about the business of law enforcement at Wounded Knee with all the gall of John Lindsay in pregnancy.

And that, when all the Macy tents are folded, wounds bound, and reparations paid for damages (*one* guess who pays), is the inescapable story-behind-the-continuing-story of the past month at Wounded Knee, South Dakota. Boorstin's Law came into play, yes, along with that old guerrilla showman Marx's thesis that history once repeated is tragedy, twice farce. But in the last frame, let there be credit lines where credit lines are due: credit certainly, to the American electronic news media; but thanks, most of all, to those wonderful law-and-order folks at the Justice Department for making this show possible.

The next sound you hear will be that of Ramsey Clark. Applauding. □

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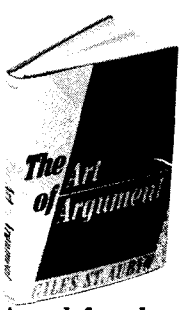

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 445)

erally maintained fund where the monies will be used for our remuneration?

Why not the nationalizing of passenger rail lines financially supported by a similar, federally administered trust fund? Then you'd really know what inexpensive travel was.

Stamford, Conn. W. DENNIS WHITE

Cujus Regio, Ejus Nomen

May I arise with a small point for the cause of logic?

In the "Letters" column [Jan. 5] there is a controversial point brought up by Mr. Humes from Maryland—the gentleman objects to the Germanic version of Breslau for the city now called Wroclaw by the Poles, which used to be called Breslava by the Russians. It would appear proper for the government ruling a city or a nation to decide on its appropriate name; that seems to have been the custom since ancient days. Hence, Poles are completely justified in asking their city be called by its Polish name of Wroclaw. Yet I daresay many Russians of either old or new generations will continue to think of the town as Breslava and the Germans, Breslau. That being the case, it would seem that the victor carries the spoils and the official name is decided by the governing body.

If this logic is accepted, then the name used for the present capital of the USSR—Moscow—has no business being spelled or pronounced in the Anglicized version of the Germanic version—Moscau—which was given it by German travelers in the past. Since for only a short time the city was in foreign hands in the early 1800s—and that was French, rather than German or English—it would appear that the only proper name is its current correct Russian version of Moskva.

Auburn, Ala. G. M. KOSOLAPOFF

Simon v. Kael

Pauline Kael has long been considered one of the most intellectual and exacting critics of the film medium. Her recent testimony before Congress would certainly indicate this.

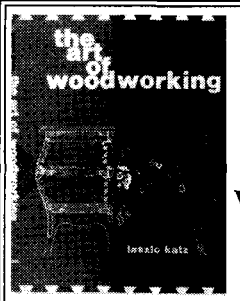
John Simon's "The Great Pop Critic" [March 30] is nothing more than literary oneupmanship. It is Mr. Simon's greatest desire not to be common, not to be just another movie critic, that is his malady. He is trying too hard.

If art, as he puts it, be not for the masses, thank the Lord and Pauline Kael that movies are.

Arlington, Va. EDWIN C. GARDNER

I was most pleased at your exhibition of sound taste and good judgment. John Simon is the only admirable and articulate mind in his field. It was a pleasure to see him in print in *NR*. Thank you.

New York, N.Y. DINA TRITSCH



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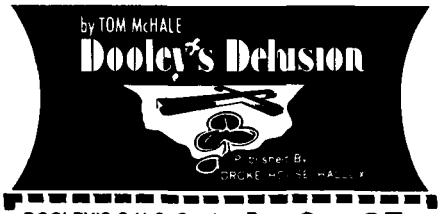

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ITT and Allende

On The Right

New York, April 4—It is by no means obvious why everyone persists in referring to the election of Allende as a purely "internal" matter. It was never any such thing, and if only Harold Geneen of ITT recognized the character of the Allende victory, why then Harold Geneen is a lot smarter than most of the senators who are interrogating officials from ITT and drinking deep draughts of sanctimony over ITT's offer to contribute $1 million toward any government-sponsored plan to prevent the installation of Allende as president of Chile.

We are talking about September of 1970. On September 4 Allende won a plurality, which did not automatically entitle him to be named president of Chile. That decision was for the parliament to make, at a scheduled session on October 24. The question is whether ITT had a legitimate interest in adding its pressure to that of others to persuade the parliament to name someone other than Allende or, better still, to call for a new election between Allende and Frei, which election, by the way, Frei would easily have won.

How can the Chilean outcome be said to have been purely an internal matter? The officers of ITT, having carefully observed the campaign of Salvador Allende and the promises he made, concluded that he would certainly proceed to nationalize the Chilean telephone company. By everyone's reckoning the value of ITT's holdings was $153 million.

The ITT people were smart enough to anticipate that when Allende got around to nationalizing the telephone company he would offer for it a small fraction of its acknowledged value. That he would, in effect, confiscate the property. In due course, Allende offered $24 million for the $153-million asset, proving the ITT officials to have been altogether accurate in their forebodings.

We return to the question: In what sense is it an "internal" matter if A decides to steal the property of B? The fact that A is a country and B is merely a corporation says only that B is going to suffer considerable disadvantages in attempting to cope with A. It hardly says that B ought not to attempt to cope with A. ITT did not, as it happens, mount its own operation in Chile, attempting to persuade the parliament not to vote for Allende. It merely offered to contribute to any United States enterprise aimed at the same purpose.

To suggest that foreign governments are not involved or should not be involved in wrestling for the favor of the majority in swing countries which are points of contact in the cold war is simply to beg the question: How is it that the Soviet Union and Castro's Cuba were so interested in the election of Allende as to spend millions of dollars and commit entire communications industries to the end of electing him?

Is it the new doctrine of the senators who are grilling ITT that the government of the United States has suddenly lost interest in the extent to which foreign powers attempt to manipulate South American governments?

What President Allende finally did to ITT was, very simply, to take over the operation of the telephone company without any compensation whatsoever. Those who are anxious to make any point at the expense of American business, who say that ITT got what was coming to it in the light of its proffered intervention make a rather clumsy mistake. It was not until the spring of 1972 that Mr. Jack Anderson published the secret memoranda revealing ITT's offer of $1 million to stop Allende. But it was in September 1971 that Allende simply took over the Chilean telephone company, more or less without comment: a clean theft of $153 million. I do not believe that anyone who is a shareholder of ITT believes that that act by Dr. Allende is a purely internal affair. There is no internal right of any country to steal the goods of other people.

I wish that the spirit of ITT were more pervasive. I believe that governments should not be immune from punishment for acts of aggression against foreigners. If only American business had one-tenth the toughness and sense of solidarity its critics impute to it. Instead, more typically, business skulks about, hanging around the local YMCA trying to make public-relations points. It is as simple as this: Every company of integrity in the world should have announced calmly that it would suspend its dealings with Chile if Chile failed to compensate any company whose assets were taken without compensation. I'd have liked it better if ITT had mailed its memo to Jack Anderson, instead of waiting for Anderson to steal it—without compensation, by the way. □

BRANDO AT WOUNDED KNEE

New York, March 30—Marlon Brando is on his way to Wounded Knee. We have that intelligence from Miss Shasheen Littlefeather herself. No doubt the news of it is reaching Wounded Knee through smoke signals. Is Marlon Brando arriving empty-handed? Well, he is certainly arriving without his Oscar, because he declined it. Miss Littlefeather, representing the Native American Affirmative Image Committee, declined it for him. A Native American is an Indian, for those of you who came in after the seventeenth century. It isn't clear what Brando's mission in Wounded Knee is to be, but it is clear that he is on the side of the Indians—on the grounds that Indians have been mistreated by the movies. That is why Marlon Brando will have nothing to do with Hollywood except to take money from it. He will not accept Oscars from it. On the other hand, he won't tell Hollywood ahead of time that he won't accept Oscars from it, because it is more dramatic to win them and *then* refuse to accept them. They call this Method Protest.

Marlon Brando wears the moroseness of the human race heavily on his shoulders. It is a lucky accident of nature that in the past he has been laconic not only on the screen but off it. One wonders whether he is now casting off his inhibitions, even as he did his pants, in his last movie, resolving to become Mr. Jane Fonda. One social encephalophone from Hollywood is rather a lot as it is and one can only hope therefore that on reaching Wounded Knee, Brando will bury himself deeply there, and be adopted by the Oglala Sioux, whom he can instruct in the devil-law of the white man.

Brando's Oscar was for his portrayal of the Godfather, the Mafia head who looked after his family and friends by shooting

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and torturing those who stood in his way. I have not seen any picture at the expense of savage American Indians which goes much further than *The Godfather* does against predatory Italians, but Brando has solved that problem. You see, the Mafia are simply typical Americans. Here is Brando on the point during a recent interview: "I think [*The Godfather*] is about the corporate mind. In a way, the Mafia is the best example of capitalists we have. Don Corleone is just an ordinary American business magnate who is trying to do the best he can for the group he represents and for his family." Don Corleone, you will remember, is the Godfather whose agents slaughter agents of a competing family with machine guns, knives, garrotes, and poison. Just the way Colonel Sanders, the corporate magnate, treats other people who try to sell fried chicken.

Brando is anxious that you should thoroughly understand his point and if he had difficulties in making it during the interview it must have been because Miss Littlefeather wasn't there to help him out. Look, he said, "I think the tactics the Don used aren't much different from those General Motors used against Ralph Nader."

The Don executed his rivals and tossed them into the East River. General Motors sent someone to follow Ralph Nader around, and for its pains paid several hundred thousand dollars to Nader for invading his privacy. But the distinction blurs in the inflamed ninny-mind of our morose activist . . . "unlike some corporate heads," Brando went on, "Corleone has an unwavering loyalty for the people that have given support to him and his cause and he takes care of his own."

THE Indians, whom Brando has befriended, have suffered a great deal from the white man, though of course they suffered a great deal from fellow Native Americans before whitey arrived. And not all the statistics are exactly genocidal in their implications. The Cherokee empire, with a population of two thousand in 1761, was reduced by the white man's oppression, diseases, wars, and massacres, to fifty thousand when last counted. It may be true that we have been parsimonious in our compensation to the Indians, but if so, we treated Napoleon a lot worse. Jefferson paid Napoleon $15 million for the Louisiana Territory, and over the years, for parts of the same territory, we would pay the Indians a further $300 million, which would suggest, by such reckoning as Brando is capable of understanding, that we are twenty times as anti-French as anti-Indian.

And anyway we are in fact listening carefully to minority claims. Not long ago a suit was filed in federal court in Denver against the United States by 28 descendants of early American grant holders. This deprived minority wants: all of California Utah Oregon Louisiana Missouri Arkansas Iowa North and South Dakota Nebraska Oklahoma, parts of Kansas Colorado Wyoming Montana Minnesota New Mexico Florida Texas Arizona Georgia North and South Carolina Maryland Virginia Washington and Idaho. Their lawyer, a former United States Attorney for Colorado, is no ordinary nut. A reasonable man, he has indicated a willingness to settle with the United States for $1 trillion. Will Brando file a brief *amicus curiae*? The poor Indians. They have suffered so much. They should be spared the patronage of Marlon Brando. □

SEX AND IDEOLOGY AT PRINCETON

New York, April 10—So the Sex Education, Counseling, and Health Clinic at Princeton University, for reasons compelling as will be noted, decided to distribute to all Princeton students a "Birth Control Handbook" [see *NR*, April 13]—presumably, among other reasons, to ease the pressure on the Admissions' Office, a generation hence, of applicants who list both parents as being Princeton graduates. So far, pretty much routine. Most colleges shove out such information as a matter of course. But this Handbook is special.

Before being distributed, it obtained the imprimatur of the Advisory Council to the Clinic, a 15-member body which includes the Vice President for Administrative Affairs, the Associate Dean of the College, and the Assistant Dean of Student Affairs.

The Handbook advises Princeton students on anatomical and sexual nuts and bolts, but there is more to come, as one might have anticipated from the cover design of the Handbook which features a clenched-fist revolutionary salute and the slogan "Medicine For The People." "The fact that Zero Population Growth claims to direct its propaganda primarily at white, middle-class Americans," explains the Princeton Handbook, "does nothing to eliminate the factor of racism which is an inevitable historical aspect of the U.S. population-control movement, financed and directed by America's white ruling class."

THE Handbook touches on quite a lot of extra-sexual points, for instance, pollution. "We are the villains because we drive to work in the only transportation system made available by GM, Ford, and Chrysler. We are the villains because America's biggest industry is the war industry, that bleeds taxpayers dry and exists only for death, destruction, and ecological tragedy."

But even as the Handbook has solutions for unwanted pregnancies, it has them for such social tragedies: Maoism. "For solutions, we have to turn to new methods of governing ourselves. The 700 million Chinese accomplished this by overthrowing their foreign exploiters, by taking control of their own natural riches. . . . Nothing short of equally basic social change in America and in the countries it exploits is going to bring solutions to our terrible problems of hunger, pollution, crime in the streets, racism, and war."

MEANWHILE, the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* is carrying on a spirited investigation of life on the Princeton campus. Miss Susan Williams, of the Class of 1974, writes in a column "On the Campus" that the best guess is that 30 per cent of the Princeton girls live with Princeton boys regularly, and an equal percentage, irregularly.

Now this can become troublesome, says Miss Williams. Not because there is anything wrong with such arrangements, but because they can be simply inconvenient. "Those who must fare with an actual roommate of the opposite sex," she explains, "everyday find themselves coping with more pressing exigencies. One girl, trapped in a one-room double, described how 'they hung a curtain down the middle of the room and then played the stereo loudly until 3 A.M. every night to drown out other noises.' And sometimes, it can be just plain tiresome and frustrating to have to relate to an unrequested interloper among one's chosen roommates."

"One still hears it said," concludes Miss Williams—"not by students but by outsiders or older people, that students aren't engaging more in sex than they ever did; they just talk more freely about it. Somehow, though, it's hard to believe that a generation ago a woman could say that '30 per cent of my friends are living with one person, and another 30 or 40 per cent are sleeping with others.' "

Now here is a suggestion I would like to make to the authors of the Princeton Handbook. The Maoist Revolution happens to be quite extraordinarily orthodox, not to say prudish, in sexual matters. In the People's Republic of China, men and women are quite thoroughly celibate until they marry, and like free love, prostitution is proscribed. So why don't Princeton Maoists begin their revolution by cleaning up sexual immorality in Princeton? Isn't that a good idea? *Then* they can move on to hunger, pollution, crime in the streets, racism, and war. I bet they never thought of that. But there will be future editions of their Birth Control Handbook. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. This might intoxicate a hare — 59 86 141 42 96 110 116 160 164 193 / 31

B. Not contrite — 81 2 223 24 52 75 126 136 144 206 / 216

C. Any of several aromatic oleoresins used in ointments and plasters and for incense — 87 114 79 139 228 152 69 163 102

D. Excessive and often incoherent talkativeness — 106 80 34 226 92 73 154 142 171

E. The mother of Amphithemis by Apollo — 108 124 93 143 186 23 162 1 170

F. A deposit of sand or mud built up along, and sloping away from, either side of the flood plain of a river — 120 78 94 145 180 195 7 17 22 55 / 74 84

G. This dog said, "Love me little, love me long" — 138 125 153 166 185 191 39 135 49

H. A hearth for converting cast iron into wrought iron — 159 63 127 26 95 140

I. To free from restraint — 32 44 91 5 19 28 43 53

J. These islands are part of Madras province, India — 194 212 97 199 214 83 103 182 35

K. A metal piece with a slot for mail — 213 9 72 121 134 184 222 227 15 82

L. Using, involving, or threatening the use of physical force to gain an objective — 113 3 36 51 219 65 201 210 151

M. A larval amphibian — 129 168 165 115 6 40 147

N. A member of the genus *Regalecus* — 150 117 205 30 98 197 130

O. A tedious sameness or reiteration — 25 29 33 38 50 54 64 70

P. An inherent craving — 156 133 176 46 76 112 149 173

Q. A Polish novelist who wrote in English — 215 56 221 118 131 99

R. What Samson called his wife — 4 174 217 225 181 10

S. This was bad luck for the National Socialists — 146 37 100 155 190 198 57 220

T. Town in Boone County, Arkansas — 167 104 58 209 202 88 67

U. Striped maple — 175 137 188 148 158 107 208 218 11

V. Money or riches — 200 192 122 189

W. A kind of pewter of medium hardness — 68 89 60 207 161 183

X. The immediate past — 18 211 14 203 224 109 47 90 123

Y. A nocturnal carnivore that feeds chiefly on carrion; sounds like Alfonso XIII greeting his queen — 20 178 48 16 179

Z. Part of a movie, radio, or television serial — 45 132 105 196 61 169 204

a. Sherlock Holmes' "the woman" — 12 41 101 119 157

b. What Stengel originally wanted to be — 8 21 27 62 66 71 85

c. Soon — 77 111 128 172 177 187 13

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 484 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

■	1 E	2 B	■	3 L	4 R	5 I	■	6 M	7 F	8 b	9 K	10 R	■	11 U	12 a	13 c	14 X	■	15 K
16 Y	17 F	18 X	■	19 I	20 Y	21 b	■	22 F	23 E	24 B	25 O	26 H	27 b	28 I	■	29 O	30 N	■	31 A
32 I	33 O	34 D	35 J	36 L	■	37 S	38 O	39 G	40 M	41 a	■	42 A	43 I	■	44 I	45 Z	46 P	47 X	48 Y
49 G	■	50 O	51 L	■	52 B	53 I	54 O	55 F	56 Q	57 S	58 T	■	59 A	60 W	61 Z	62 b	63 H	64 O	65 L
■	66 b	67 T	■	68 W	69 C	70 O	■	71 b	72 K	73 D	74 F	75 B	76 P	77 S	■	78 F	■	79 C	80 D
81 B	82 K	■	83 J	84 F	85 b	86 A	87 C	■	88 T	89 W	■	90 X	■	91 I	92 D	93 E	94F	95 H	96 A
97 J	98 N	99 Q	100S	101a	■	102C	103J	104T	105Z	106D	■	107U	108E	109X	■	110A	111c	112P	113L
■	114C	115M	116A	117N	118Q	119a	120F	121K	122V	123X	■	124E	125G	126B	127H	128c	129M	■	130N
131Q	132Z	133P	134K	135G	■	136B	137U	138G	139C	140H	■	141A	142D	143E	144B	145F	146S	147M	■
148U	149P	150N	151L	152C	153G	154D	155S	■	156P	157a	158U	■	159H	160A	161W	162E	■	163C	164A
165M	■	166G	167T	168M	169Z	170E	■	171D	172c	173P	■	174R	175U	176P	177c	178Y	■	179Y	■
180F	181R	182J	183W	184K	185G	186E	187c	■	188U	189V	■	190S	191G	192V	■	193A	194J	195F	196Z
197N	198S	199J	■	200V	201L	202T	203X	204Z	205N	206B	■	207W	208U	209T	■	210L	211X	212J	213K
■	214J	215Q	216B	217R	218U	219L	■	220S	221Q	222K	■	223B	224X	225R	226D	227K	228C	■	■

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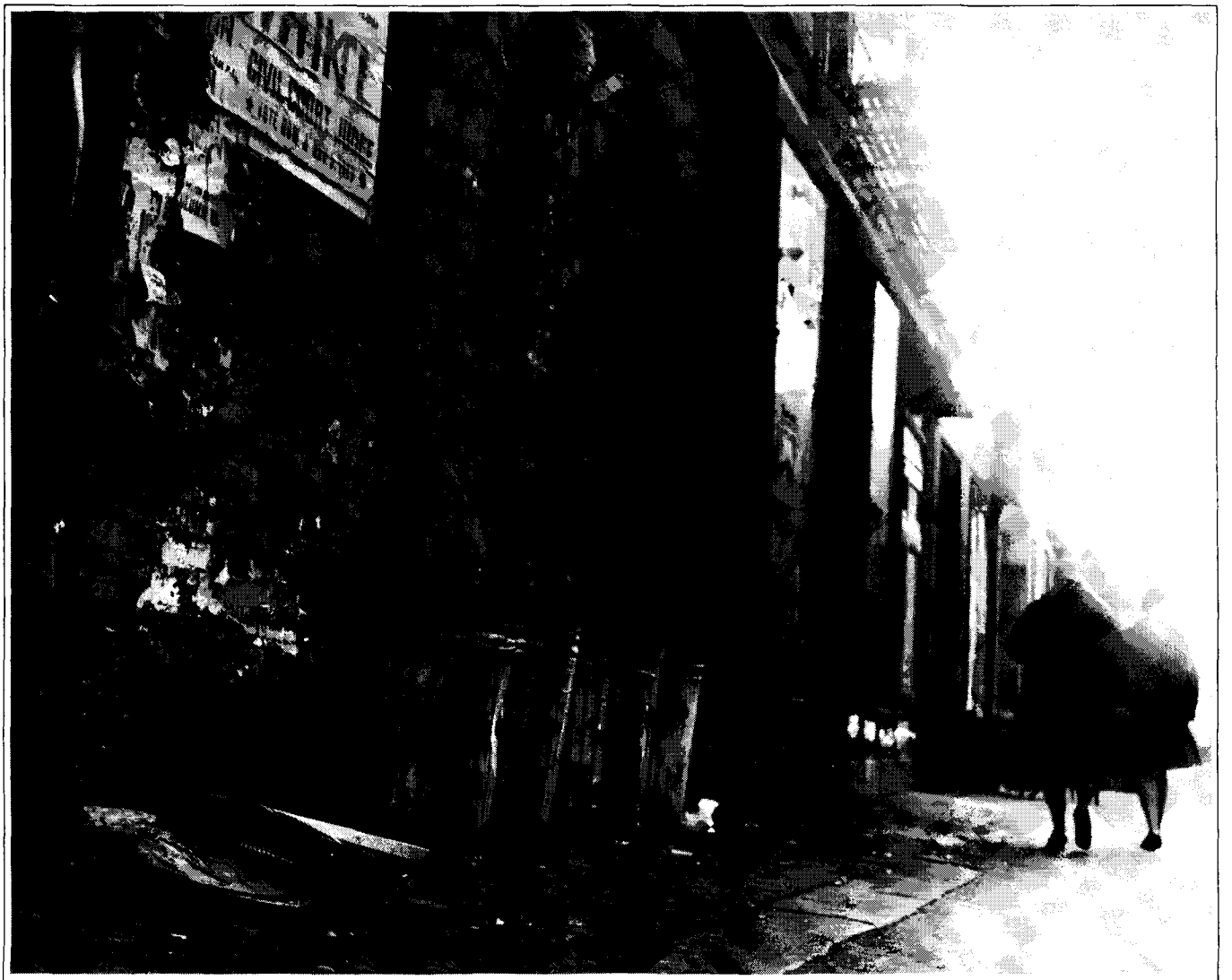

Tomorrow morning, over 80 million people will be working to clean up this neighborhood.

There are over 80 million working people in the U.S. today.

And every day that they go to their jobs, they're helping to solve the problems that beset us. Urban decay, drug abuse, pollution, hunger, poverty, crime.

How? By paying taxes.

To some people, business is the cause of our nation's ills.

Why do we make this obvious point? To make another point: there are many people who simply do not realize that the original source of all funds for change for the better is business. Profitable, growing businesses, like ours, that provide jobs and income for working Americans.

To some people, business is the cause of our nation's ills. We say it's the cure.

It is the taxes of the American worker and American business that sustain government at all levels and, thus, pay for improvement programs our society needs.

Like low-cost public housing, medicare, training of the hard-core unemployed, veterans' education, the fights against drug abuse and cancer, school lunch programs—to name a few.

The betterment of our society depends on business.

Our nation receives its momentum and sustenance—directly or indirectly—from business. Growing business.

No growing business, no money to deal with the growing problems that plague us today.

Taxes from workers and business sustain government at all levels.

So we've got to work together. All 80 million of us.

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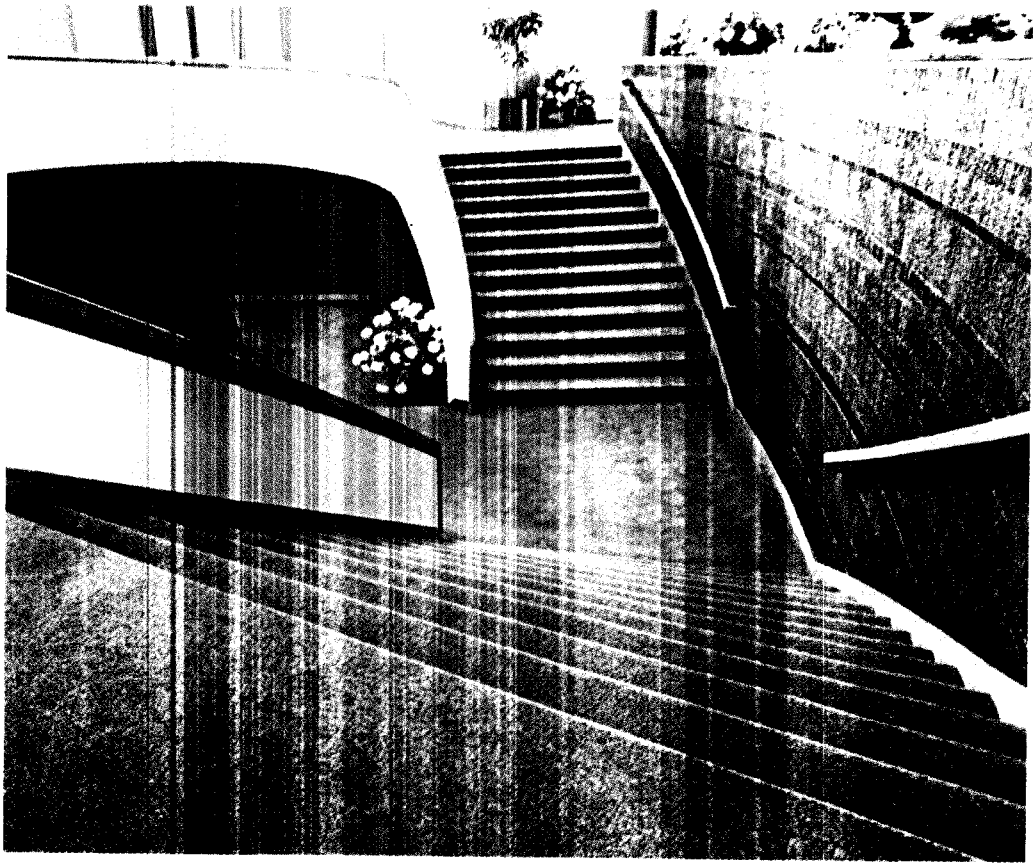

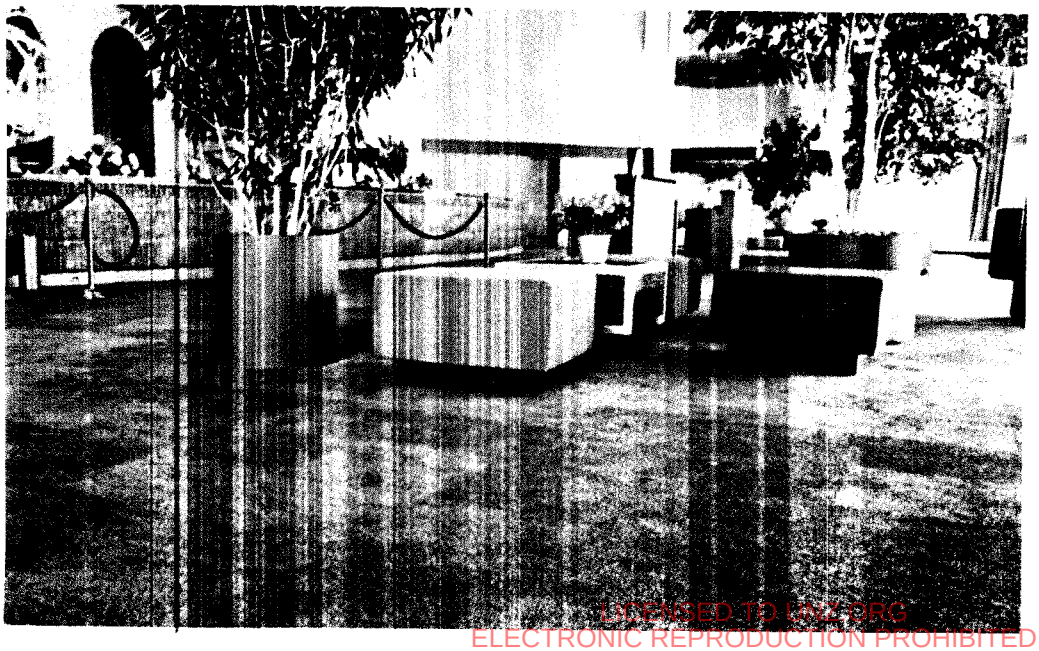

Milliken carpet stars at Dallas Music Hall with free-lay MILSTAR® Corporate Square I

Included in the $5,000,000 renovation of this Dallas landmark: over 13,000 square yards of Milliken's MILSTAR in a combination of 18" free-lay carpet tiles and broadloom.

"The carpet requirements were rich look, easy maintenance and durability to withstand the crowds," says Bob Kieschnick, owner of Superior Carpet Co., who supplied the carpet. "We got them all with MILSTAR, plus the efficiency of free-lay tiles." The imaginative renovation of the Music Hall was the combined effort of Jarvis, Putty & Jarvis, architects, Avery Mays Corporation, contractor, and Superior Carpet Co., Dallas, Texas.

MILSTAR, revolutionary concept in commercial carpeting developed by Milliken Research, offers unique features:

Longer Wear. Pile is fuse-bonded into vinyl plastisol, providing resilience and wear equal to or better than the finest tufted or woven constructions. Tuft lock is superior to any other cut pile construction.

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The carpet is fade-resistant, anti-static. Pile of MILSTAR Corporate Square I is 70% solution-dyed Acrilan® acrylic fiber/30% super lightfast nylon.

Free-Lay Efficiency. Snug-fitting MILSTAR Corporate Square tiles need no adhesive, allow quick access to power outlets. Damaged or soiled tiles are easily replaced and cleaned; tiles can be rotated to reduce wear. For complete information on MILSTAR and all Milliken contract carpet systems, call or write: Deering Milliken, Inc., Contract Carpet Manager, LaGrange, Georgia 30240. (404) 883-5511.

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